LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS
For OCTOBER, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A Lady and her Cild, attired in the most elegant fashions of the season.

Lady's dress.—A round gown with short train, ornamented at the feet in flutings of muslin or needle-work; a long sleeve rucked, with full top; frock back, and lappelled bosom cut low, and trimmed with scolloped lace. A *Chapeau à la bocage*, of imperial chip or sarsnet, ornamented with a wreath of ivy or jonquille; a single sprig of the same in front of the bosom in lieu of a brooch. A shawl of Chinese silk, thrown negligently over the shoulders. Hair in a single band across the forehead, relieved by loose curls in front and at the sides. Hoop earrings of amber or cornelian. Straw-coloured kid gloves and shoes.

Child's dress.—A frock and trowsers of fine cambric, bordered at the bottom in rich fancy Vandyke; French back, and bosom cut very low, and ornamented with the same; Circassian sleeve very short. The Moorish boot, or high *pomposa*, of bright yellow kid, laced with purple. Sash to correspond, tied in shortbows and ends behind.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 2.—A Parisian Dancing Figure.

A round frock of Italian crape, over a white satin slip, ornamented at the bottom with a pink and silver ribband. Long waist, laced up the back with pink or silver chord; a plain bosom cut very low, trimmed *tel que la robe*. The melon sleeve, formed of alternate stripes of pink satin and white crape; a narrow sash of pink ribband, tied loosely behind. Hair combed straight from the temples, and leaving a few simple curls on the forehead, is formed in full braids at the back of the head, confined with a coronet comb of pearl, and ornamented with a bunch of auricula or clove-carnation. A *bouquet* composed of the rose and myrtle. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets of fine Chinese pearl. Gloves of French kid, and slippers of pink satin, tied round the ankles with silver ribband. Plain silk stockings, a French white.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS
ON THE MOST PREVAILING
FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

As our metropolis cannot at this period be properly termed the theatre of fashion, we of course direct our attention to those places of public and private resort, where she still reigns triumphant. Genius and talent are confined to no period or clime,—taste and fancy are their offspring, and fashion their conductor and *chaperon*.

The celebrated watering places exhibit at this moment an assemblage of beauty and elegance; the balls and theatres, public walks and libraries, were never more crowded; and the splendour, luxury, gaiety, and hospitality displayed at the seats of our nobles, and the villas of our females of fashionable *eclat*, are emblematic of that national prosperity which, spite of our Continental foe, is still the pride and boast of Albion.

It is to the opportunity of observation afforded us from the above mentioned sources, that we are enabled to give a delineation more copious and select than at this season of the year it might otherwise be in our power to procure, and which, we are proud to say, will be sought for in vain amidst the pages of any cotemporary work. Our fair readers will be sensible that at this intermediate season no great degree of novelty presents itself; but still amidst our general information, we shall hope to pourtray some variety in individual articles; while we at the same time endeavour to direct the taste in its selection and combination of that attire which produces an attractive and elegant *tout ensemble*. Attention to the morning and intermediate costume, we strongly enforced in our last; it will therefore only be necessary here to specify such articles as are most worthy of distinction in this and every other style of fashionable decoration. The Carmelite, or Convent cloak, of coloured sarsnet; the Pedlar's cloak, and Rugen mantle, of Chinese silk, trimmed with Vandyke brocad ribband; the large Angola, or silk shawl, near two yards square, gathered full round the throat, and tied

in a full bow on the shoulder, the ends falling irregularly down the left side, and finished with tassel, are considered the most distinguishing in this style of ornament. The hat *a la Diana*, of black chip, with coloured net embroidered handkerchiefs; the Spanish hat, of black satin-straw, ornamented in front with autumnal flowers; straw, or white chip hats, with Vandyke and scolloped edges; and small Scotch bonnets, of fancy sarsnets, edged with French binding, and trimmed with a full Angola fringe, are selected by females of the first rank and fashion. The curled ostrich feather placed across the crown of the head is much introduced in full dress, and has a most novel and appropriate effect.

Flowers are much worn, and variously disposed; the barberry, the ranunculus, the clove-carnation, and Labrador rose, we observe to rank highest on the list of fashion. Habit shirts of lace or embroidery, with a deep Vandyke falling frill, and the shirt with lace introduced in the melon form, gathered round the throat with a border of the same, are articles perfectly new and attractive. The style of gowns vary little since our last communication. The morning dress is made high in the neck as usual, and formed in a plain cambric robe, a walking length; with belts *a la Diana*, and deep Vandyke ruff, or in jackets and petticoats ornamented with work, lace, or muslin. French coats, or breakfast wraps, continue their station in the morning wardrobe, and this style of costume is considered incomplete and inelegant without a cap; this latter ornament usually consists of the Brunswick mob, French quartered cap, or nun's hood of lace, lined with coloured sarsnet, and edged with a narrow rich Vandyke, the latter is an article comprising much novelty and elegance. Round gowns of muslin, either short or with trains, edged at the feet with narrow Vandyke, or cut in large crescent scallops, and edged with a fine pearl net, worn with a military sash of white sarsnet, must ever be ranked amidst a chaste and fashionable attire. Robes of coloured muslin or crape, worn over white satin, trimmed with fancy trimming of chenille, beads, or silver, and a *cestus* to correspond, are considered uncommonly elegant and attractive. Painted, or embroidered borders representing natural flowers, on muslin or tiffany robes, it is thought will be much introduced in full dress during the winter, at present we only notice a few in the very first circles of rank and fashion. Grecian drapery, folded in a picturesque style round the figure, is also observable in the ball room; but at this season of the year to be considered of fashionable distinction, public decoration should be chaste and elegant, rather than showy and splendid.

In the evening parade, the hat may be ornamented with a flower; but we wish that many of our females would distinguish and regulate with greater nicety, and not allow those ornaments to form any part in the morning decoration. The *Provence* hat, Cottage bonnet, or small straw hat and veil, are appropriate to the morning walk, and flowers (that animating and consistent decoration of the evening dress) must ever be considered in the above-mentioned costume a vulgar supernumerary. We have lately seen a dress which, from its simplicity and elegance, attracted universal attention; it consisted of a plain short gown of leno or crape, worn over a white satin slip; at the bottom was laid a broad satin ribband, finished at the extreme edge with a narrow Vandyke lace; a spenser waist with short sleeve, composed entirely of crape and satin ribband formed in plaits; a winged ruff of scolloped lace ornamented the back and shoulders; and a small hat of the Spanish form, with a willow feather, frosted with silver, waving over the crown towards the left side where the hat inclined, composed the head-dress. The trinkets were entirely of brilliants set in the most fashionable form; the shoes were white satin, with silver rosets; the fan of white tiffany, with lilies of the valley in silver; and a *bouquet* consisting of the myrtle, mignionette, and Provence rose, completed this almost celestial attire. Dresses of black, or coloured net, over white satin slips, with rich appliqued borders in coloured chenille or white beads, are the distinguishing decoration of many females of rank on public occasions. White and coloured embroidered net handkerchiefs, are still considered extremely fashionable, both as ornaments for the hair and to tie down the gipsy hat. Tuckers of net, formed in the honey-comb edge, or trimmed with Vandyke or scolloped lace, are introduced with those dresses which are cut low in the bosom. Bindings of embroidery continue a favourite ornament for muslin and cambric dresses, and it is now not only introduced round the bottom and bosom but up the seams of dresses, and we have not witnessed an embellishment more neat and appropriate. The short sleeve, if formed of lace or with a Vandyke cuff, must only be of an easy fullness; if of the same material as the dress, they are disposed in the melon or bishop form, but each very short, finished with hair or pearl armlets.

We have seen nothing in the long sleeve more elegant than those described in our last; nor can there be any covering for the arm more becoming and attractive than the Catalani and surplice twisted sleeve, confined at the wrist with elastic bracelets of gold or hair. Some dashing *elegantes* have lately sported stockings of brown and purple silk, with coloured clocks and open-wove ankles.

But we cannot help remarking that this feature of the human form, when rendered conspicuous by the singularity of its decoration, will attract without pleasing; we naturally turn with disgust from that species of art which obscures and disguises the symmetry of nature; we confess ourselves a votary to neatness and elegance combined; and therefore wish not to see the above mentioned fashion become general amongst females who have been celebrated for unobtrusive loveliness, simplicity, and virtue.

We have little to remark on the articles of trinkets, they have undergone little alteration since our last Number; the wedding hoop-ring, with a single brilliant, ruby, emerald, or amethyst in the centre; the Carmelite cross, the jessamine brooch, with bottles formed of Egyptian amulet-wood embellished with correspondent characters, are the only ornaments in this line which strike us as worthy of observation.

Gloves and shoes are governed by no particular standard, but left to the choice of the wearer; the prevailing colours for the season are, rose, green, purple, salmon, and melbourn brown.

LETTER ON DRESS.

EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE, FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

Henley Grove-House, Surrey.

You preach much, dear Julia, in your epistle now before me, of the quiet pleasures of domestic life, of those still and tranquil enjoyments within the vicinity of our own domains; and give (I must allow) an interesting portrait of your fair friend and her rational and amiable spouse; who, educated in the tenets of the old school, love one another with all their hearts—educate their children, and attend to the religion, morals, and personal comfort of their surrounding tenantry. I respect, dear Julia, the purity and delicacy of your sentiments; but allow me to say, that in this sad world it is dangerous to refine too highly. "He (says Dr. Johnson) who too delicately refines his feelings always endangers his quiet."

Alas! Julia, when in early youth, you and I traversed the vicarage garden, and rambled in girlish confidence through the old ruins of F—— Abbey, our affection and imagination took the lead; our unadulterate hearts, in love with goodness, delighted to paint objects as we wished, rather than as they are, and to wander in paths of visionary happiness. Where, alas! shall we look for a realization of those prospects of felicity, those air-built castles which our vivid fancies delighted to rear? Not in the region of romance, for that is but an *ignis fatuus* that deludes with false hopes and vain expectations. Are not therefore, dear Julia, those beings the most politic and the most happy, who like the inhabitants of this hospitable mansion, fulfil the duties of their station, content to take the world as it goes, and catch pleasure as it flies?—You will doubtless look at the date of my letter with some degree of surprise, and will think us guided by a weather-cock influence, in being thus sudden and unexpectedly, transported from one place to another. The truth is, dear Julia, that the sulky fits, and mysterious conduct of Sir James M'Laurence, together with the spirited harangue of his intolerably vulgar spouse, induced cousin Mary to accept an invitation to accompany her brother, on a shooting party, to this delightful spot. The change, dear friend, is productive of considerable advantage, both on the score of fashionable information, the introduction to polished society, and the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures. This beautiful retreat has been in the family of its present possessor (Lord John P——) upwards of seven centuries, and in the sublimity of its architectural construction, picturesque beauty, and local situation is not exceeded by any in this charming county. You, my dear Julia, would enjoy the very perfection of rural happiness in the gardens, park, and surrounding scenery of this earthly paradise. Our host is a man whose natural *hauteur* of manner is evidently softened by the mild graces, and amiable dispositions of his lovely wife: she is the second choice of his Lordship; and amply repays him for a lack of connubial felicity experienced in his former marriage.

After the mixed assemblies which present themselves at the several watering places we have lately visited (where the adventurer of both sexes are permitted indecorously to mingle with people of distinction and virtue), it is pleasant to find one's-self in a society whose unquestionable respectability, elegance of deportment, and urbanity of manners, divest one of restraint, and render unnecessary that reserve so painful to the open and generous breast. This mansion is seldom without visiters of rank and fashion; and we frequently set down sixteen or eighteen to dinner. The fortune of Lord and Lady P—— is ample—their establishment splendid, and their hearts expand at the call of hospitality. Can I then have a more extensive field from whence to gather the choicest flowers of fashion, taste, and elegance.—Our morning and out-door costume (which in visits of this sort require a particular attention) exhibits some little variation since my last address. The Carmelite cloak, though much in esteem, is rivalled by the Rugen mantle, or Swedish wrap, which owes its origin to the exquisite taste, and invention of my dashing cousin. In its construction it is not unlike the cassocks worn by our

divines; it is formed of a Chinese silk, a pale olive colour, and is ornamented all round with a most delicate fancy border of embroidery in coloured silks; a deep silk fringe is placed at the extreme edge, and the sash (which is brought across the left shoulder, is fastened in a tuft on the opposite side of the waist, and the ends trimmed with the same. With these wraps we wear hats of black satin-straw, somewhat of the Spanish form, with a damask rose, or carnation, placed in front, or towards the left side near the hair. There are four of us at this hospitable mansion who appear in these novel habits, and I assure you we not only attract the beaus of sporting celebrity, but move the wonder of surrounding villagers. In our breakfast attire we do not exclude the French coat of cambric or muslin, but our peasant jacket and petticoat we consider as a more unique article. It is necessary however that I observe to you, that unless the figure be tall or slender, no advantage can be derived from this habit.

At this season of the year there is no novel standard for full dress, but its alterations and embellishments are at the direction of fancy; the style however is preserved, and a correct taste, and ready invention, can at all times vary the effect with advantage. Lord P—— visits all the families of distinction within twenty miles of his mansion, and we have therefore a succession of dinner visits, and inducements for drives to town. Last week Mary and myself accompanied our elegant hostess to the aniversary ball of the Honourable Mrs. C——. Here was collected all the splendour and fashion of the gay world; never did I see taste, beauty, and grace so universal. My time will not allow a description of the furniture and decoration of this splendid seat; suffice it, that the Grecian and Chinese taste took place of the Egyptian of antecedent celebrity; and lights transmitted from lamps of alabaster, painted in elegant devices, diffused a mild and chastened light, which gave an enchanting interest to the objects which moved beneath their rays.

As our dresses for this gay occasion were necessarily select, I will endeavour to give you an idea of their form and effect. As Mary and myself proposed to join the throng of Terpsichore, we of course wore our robes appropriately short; these were formed of undressed Italian tiffany, made round, and cut in deep scallops at the bottom, round which was a most delicate border of barberries, painted to nature. The under dress was a slip of gossamer satin, edged at the feet with a very narrow Vandyke in silver; the bosom and bottom of the sleeve ornamented with the same. Our hair fell in irregular ringlets round the forehead, divided over the left eye, and a small Arcadian hat of silver frosted satin, ornamented with a wreath of barberries, was placed on one side of our heads. Mary wore a single row of fine brilliants, by way of necklace, from the centre of which was suspended a Carmelite cross, her earrings and bracelets to correspond. On her beautifully turned arm was displayed the armlet of fashionable adoption, and which is composed of the hair of your lover and dearest female friend, as a *souvenir de l'amour par et de l'ametie.* My ornaments were of pearl, and we each wore *bouquets* of the Labradore rose, Cape heath, and jessamine; our shoes were of white satin, embroidered in silver jessamine at the toes; our gloves of French kid, rucked so as to display the round of the arm; and we had Opera fans of white crape, with naval devices in transparencies. Lady P—— very kindly complimented us on the choice of our attire; and assured us that we were considered the best dressed girls in the ball-room. Forgive this egotism, dear Julia, and believe me not the less your faithful and affectionate

ELIZA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Letter of our Sandwich Correspondent, containing thoughts occasioned by reading a recent publication by Diogenes, entitled "The Royal Eclipse, or Delicate Facts," came too late for insertion in our present Number but will appear in our next; and likewise the continuation of the "Antiquarian Olio."

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-Street, Strand.*

Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For OCTOBER, 1807.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Twenty-third Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK.

Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Denmark is daughter of Prince Charles, Stadtholder of Holstein. She has been married to the Prince Regent for some years; several children were the fruit of their union, of whom the Princess Carolina is the only survivor. She is about fifteen years old, but excluded from inheriting the crown by the laws of Denmark, which confine the succession to heirs male. This has several times afforded the people grounds to evince their affection to the Prince, by expressing their heartfelt regret, that the throne of Denmark was not likely to be filled by his immediate descendant; but it was never more cordially manifested than on the 13th of February, 1802.

In the morning of that day the cannon announced the delivery of the Princess. The people anxiously listened for a second, and third discharge,* but their wishes were disappointed, and a certain gloom clouded every face in the city. Notwithstanding which, when night approached, all sacrificed their personal feelings. The city was illuminated, and the hut emulated the palace in testimony of unfeigned loyalty and joy.

When the Princess was sufficiently recovered to go abroad, she visited the theatre. The streets through which the Royal family had to pass, were brilliantly embellished with devices, and otherwise disposed to give eclat to thé occasion.

On the Royal personages entering their box, they were, contrary to custom, greeted with the enthusiastic acclamations of the audience; and at their departure from the theatre, the populace, amid thundering huzzas, surrounded the Royal party with such eagerness and impetuosity, that the guards were compelled to recede, and suffer them to follow the carriage.

This circumstance recalls to our minds the reply of Frederick the Fourth to the French Ambassador, when the latter expressed his surprise, that his Majesty should live at his country seat without guards. "I am always safe in the arms of my people," replied the King.

* On the birth of a Prince the guns are fired three times.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A DREAM ON THE OCCUPATIONS OF DEPARTED SOULS.

[*Concluded from Page* 128.]

THESE were the contemplations which at that time occupied my mind, and I revolved them with so much pleasure that I did not miss my guide, who in the mean time had soared aloft, and when I descried him, beckoned to me to follow him. He directed my attention to the anxious occupation of a departed soul, whom he pointed out to me in the town to which we bent our flight. On coming nearer, I observed that that soul appeared half famished. It flitted round a splendid carriage which stood before the house of a merchant, whose name was very familiar to me, but is still more to many of his fellow-citizens, who must assist him in keeping up his splendor by advancing money to him. At first, I was uncertain what could be the object of that restless soul; and the ragged and patched clothes in which it was dressed, made me suspect that it was one of those who, in this world, act in a two-fold capacity, either begging alms of travellers, or robbing them on the highway. But I discovered my error as soon as I came nearer, seeing that it was the economical soul of the merchant's father. I recollected to have known him in my life-time. He was the wealthiest citizen in the whole town, and notorious for having with economical hands mended his own shoes, darned his own stockings, and eclipsed all his fellow citizens in the art of enduring hunger. He could never have imagined that his notorious usury and exemplary parsimony would afford his son an opportunity of lavishing thoughtlessly the wealth which he had gradually amassed by so much care and industry. The disappointment of his parental expectations proved therefore to his soul, since her separation from her body, a source of extreme torture. Every day afforded to his degenerated son a new opportunity for dissipation, and to himself an additional source of the most agonizing sorrow.

The merchant had just received from the coachmaker a carriage, which had cost him exactly the sum that his father once had gained by prudently denying on oath, for the benefit of his progeny, a debt for which he had given his bond under his own signature. Could therefore any thing have mortified his soul more painfully than this act of extravagance? He tried more than an hundred times to push the coachman from the coach-box; but all his exertions proved fruitless, the driver being too corporeal, and himself too ethereal. He seized the reins of the horses; they became restive; but this was all that he was able to effect.

He quitted, therefore, the fatal carriage, uttering the most dreadful imprecations, and directed his flight towards his son's apartments. Curiosity tempted me to follow him, and I was astonished to observe the unspeakable agony with which he was seized. Could any thing have been more dreadful to him than the sight of the profusion of costly china, tapestry, and mirrors, which alone must have required an expenditure of many thousand dollars. Thrice did he stamp upon the sinful sofa covered with rich brocade. "Eighty-five dollars!" exclaimed he, groaning. Rich hangings trimmed with gold fringe, which he now descried, threw him into a still greater agony. He attempted to scratch off the gold; but to no purpose. He beheld every moment new objects of splendor, which also proved to him new sources of torture. He now descried a ledger upon a writing-desk. This object seemed to afford him some satisfaction. He read, and his fury abated. But this calm was only of a momentary duration; his son entering the apartment at the same instant, holding in his hand a parchment, whereon I could clearly discern the words *Lord of D.* He went to the money-chest, in order to substantiate his claims to the new title. What a dreadful sight for the unfortunate father! He even dropped the ledger. He flew to the chest, seated himself upon it, made every effort in his power to prevent its being unlocked, and attempted to seize the parchment, but in vain. The young merchant opened the chest with manifest satisfaction, taking out a money bag, which was, at least as weighty as seventeen degrees of noble ancestors, and cheerfully quitted the apartment. I shall never forget the despair which convulsed the soul of his unfortunate parent, who remained prostrate on the money-chest, embracing it with eagerness, and exclaiming again and again, in moaning accents: "O Levy, O Isaac!" I was deeply affected by his agony, and attempted to comfort him. Being desirous of ascertaining the exact cause of his despair, I went up to him, and

taking him kindly by the hand, said, "Would you be so kind as to give me——" "What!" exclaimed he, "give you? I a poor, unfortunate man! A tall, strong fellow, as you are, can work! Go to the parish!" Vexed at this surly reply, I quitted him abruptly.

Being informed, on coming into the street, that the soul of Cicero, attended by some Greek and Roman philosophers, had been seen in the garden of a neighbouring country seat, I was tempted to follow the immense crowds who were flocking thither to gratify their curiosity. The sight of the celebrated Roman afforded me uncommon pleasure, and his dignified countenance inspired me with all the awe which such a patriotic soul ought to excite. I discovered, however, in his features, the traces of sorrow and dejection, the cause of which I was incapable of finding out. Being curious to ascertain it, I applied to a shade, who followed Cicero, and appeared to be one of his emancipated slaves. "He has reason for being cast down and abashed," replied his attendant, "since he, in your country, has been committed to the mercy of a tribe, who, under the pretext of honouring his memory, render him ridiculous, and transform him from a Roman consul into a Latin schoolmaster. What is still more afflicting for him is, that on complaining of this ill-treatment to the gods of his country, he received for answer, that was the punishment to which Pluto had condemned him, because he had been accused of having frequently betrayed marks of vanity and pride, which could not be corrected better than by committing his works to the mercy of commentators. I was terrified at this rigorous judgment of Pluto, the reality of which I should have strongly doubted had I not been convinced of it by the following incident.

We descried, at a distance of about an hundred steps, a great number of souls, covered with dust, and absorbed in profound meditation. Their steps were solemn, and their gait monarchic. They seemed to disagree very much with each other, and the nearer they came, the more plainly could I hear their dispute, which grew so violent that their leader was obliged to turn round, and clenching his fist, to command silence, by exclaiming in an authoritative accent, *Me Dius fidius!* This cavalcade seemed to surprise the soul of Cicero: he suspected they had an important commission for him, and believed, as I was afterwards told, that they were ambassadors of a foreign nation, or barbarians, as he called them, who had been compelled by famine to apply to the Roman senate and people for a supply of bread from Sicily or Egypt. He received them with marks of compassion; but how was he astonished when the leader made a profound antique bow, which, according to Gronovius, was customary among the young men of fashion at Rome at the time of Ennius. Cicero sustained this assault with great fortitude, and seemed to be impatiently waiting for the communication of their commission. His curiosity was at length gratified, when the spokesman, amid many contortions of the face, put himself into the usual rhetorical posture, and after repeated bows, presented to him an enormous book, borne on the shoulders of four of his colleagues, and having on the back the inscription, OPERA OMNIA.

Cicero was somewhat terrified at the sight of this strange machine, and listened with evident tokens of surprise, when the spokesman addressed him as follows: "*Omnino, si quid est in me ingenii, quod sentio, quam sit exiguum——exiguum ——quod sentio, quam sit exiguum.*" This incontestable truth had probably exhausted the strength of our Demosthenes, or the sight of Cicero, of whom he had preconceived an idea entirely different from what he now beheld, had produced such a violent perturbation in his mind, that he could not proceed. He stopped a long while, and afforded Cicero time to collect himself from his astonishment, and who, not having understood a single word of the address, asked his Atticus, what language this was? Our orator recovered at last from his confusion, after having consulted the copy of his speech, which he carried in the crown of his hat. He assured the venerable Roman, in the most elegant Ciceronian style, that himself and his attendants were enraptured with joy, and that he would mark with a white stone the fortunate day when he had the honour of becoming personally acquainted with a literary luminary, who in his time had spoken the best Latin, and whose learning had afforded to himself and his companions the means of procuring the necessaries of life. He was particularly diffuse in giving himself credit for having taken compassion on the works of Cicero, and for having published them in that convenient form, asserting, moreover, that he had enhanced their value by the addition of the most valuable and learned annotations, and rendered them useful by a copious index, and by this means had immortalized both the name of the author and the editor. He concluded by lamenting the hardened blindness of his German countrymen, who demanded more of a man of learning, than merely a knowledge of the Latin language, and even began to profane the sacred antiquities of Latium, by propounding them in a language which in Germany even the populace could understand. Here he concluded his speech with a joyous *dixi*, and Cicero, who probably was tired of listening any longer to his unintelligible jargon, returned no further answer but, *Cura, ut valeas!* and withdrew abruptly.

I retired with my guide beyond the precincts of the town, absorbed in reflections on the impertinence and presumption of the people whom we had just quitted, and probably should have given a longer audience to my thoughts, had not my meditations been suddenly interrupted by a violent blow which I received on my head, and which was struck with so much force, that I grew quite dizzy, and my hat dropped on the ground. I turned round in a violent passion to see who it was that had dared to treat me in so rude a manner. "You are very impudent," exclaimed I in a violent tone, "for treating in such a rude manner people whom you do not know, and who have not given the least offence to you." "And you are a great fool," replied he with a loud laugh, "for being offended at a piece of humour. Do you not perceive that I am a satirist?"

This disagreeable accident made me extremely uneasy, as I apprehended some witty blade might take it into his head to satyrise me black and blue; therefore I proposed to my conductor to retire to a shadowy spot, which lay before us, and where I hoped to be, if not more solitary, at least more secure.

I was, however, disappointed, as I descried on my arrival a large company consisting chiefly of ladies. As they had lived in my native town, I knew every one of them, and soon found that they had not made any alteration in their manner of living: they played, drank tea, some of them were totally silent, but the majority laughed so loudly, that I was impatient to observe them closely. I enquired what was the reason of it? but they were so malicious as to refuse giving me the least explanation. One of them, however, to whom I had rendered a most essential service by a most elegant and witty sonnet which I had made upon her pug-dog, was so grateful as to relieve me from my painful perplexity. "I will tell you," said she, "why we are so merry. We had sat many hours in the most tedious silence, because we had been tired of criticising the dress, the gait, and the features of all the souls who passed by: nor had we any thing more to say about our absent acquaintances. In this state we happened to descry you from afar in a situation important enough to set us all a laughing." Here she broke off abruptly, at the same time holding both her sides with her hands, and bursting out in concert with the whole company into such an excessive laughter, that I was confounded with shame. "Do you not perceive it yet?" resumed she, after having collected herself a little. "For heaven's sake, only look at your hat! it is entirely covered with dust." "If this be the only thing which renders me a subject of so much mirth," replied I, "I can easily remove it." I informed them that a wit whom I had met had joked it off my head. I then cleaned my hat, and thereby deprived them so entirely of all matter for merriment, that they relapsed into melancholy silence.

Not being much inclined to keep them company in gaping, I stole away from them, and in another company of ladies met with the soul of a French marquis, who in his lifetime had frequently amused the same company, that were pleased to call his humourous sallies elegant, natural, witty, and charming; but I now found him, contrary to the nature of other departed souls, totally changed. He was mute, and barren of invention, and not a single person in the company seemed to entertain the same opinion they had of him upon earth. I told him I was surprised at this unexpected alteration. He shrugged up his shoulders, assuring me that he was the most unhappy of all mortals, adding that death had come upon him so suddenly, that he had no time to take his watch-chain and snuff-box with him, "two articles," exclaimed he mournfully, "in which all my wit and liveliness consisted! when I wish to sport an humourous sally I miss my watch-chain, and am not capable of producing a witty thought. I am not even capable of giving my opinion of literary and political matters, or of a poem, because I cannot take a pinch of snuff." I sincerely lamented the fate of the unfortunate marquis; but not having it in my power to assist him in regaining his wit, I invented a plausible pretext, which compelled me to leave him, and retired.

My conductor was just going to relate to me the history of the departed soul of a Merry-Andrew, who had lost his party-coloured jacket, and with it all his laughter-moving faculties, when we were interrupted by a new adventure. The departed soul of a lady, whom I had not perceived because my back was turned towards her, had stolen upon me from behind, and suddenly flung one arm round my neck, while she with her other hand pressed mine so tenderly, that I could guess the meaning of this voluptuous eloquence more plainly than if she had made an oral declaration. I could easily guess that she was a roving fair one, and the gloom of the solitary place where we were, confirmed me in this suspicion. She seemed to be as violently enamoured of me as a person of that description is capable of. I perceived plainly that she became every moment more inflamed, and more impudent in her familiarity, which rendered me curious to see her face. Succeeding, after some struggles, in disengaging myself from her arm, I turned round. Heavens, what a sight! I started back. "Is it you?" said she contemptuously, and withdrew abruptly. My readers may easily guess that it was the departed soul of my wife; she had mistaken me for another person, which was the

sole cause of her ardent caresses; but as soon as she recognized me, she was vexed and fled; and, I confess, I was glad of it.

Whilst I was revolving in my mind this singular adventure, I had the misfortune to be descried by the departed soul of my barber. It was impossible for me to avoid him. I was compelled to listen to his political rant. His joy at meeting me was unspeakable; he put more than an hundred questions to me, without giving me time to reply to one. "I hope you have been well since I had the honour of seeing you last?" said he, "Your relations were in good health when you left them? And your niece?—you understand me? I really mean no harm; she deserves it. Is the old captain still alive? he has made me laugh a thousand times; he was uncommonly entertaining when in good humour; he had at his finger's end all the events of the Pomeranian war. I do not flatter! matters would undoubtedly have taken a different turn had he not been dismissed the service. But, let me tell you, Europe is in a most critical state. It was not with my consent that Prince Charles crossed the Rhine; a great deal might be said on that head. As for the Turk, that sanguinary dog has no reason to boast. But what was I going to tell you? I could plainly foresee it! My late grandmother—I know not whether you recollect the good woman? she was a little deformed woman. I fear some roguery was at the bottom when she made her will; but it cannot be altered now. But what was I going to say? I have entirely forgot it! Aha! now I recollect! the Turk!"—"Yes, yes, the Turk," replied I angrily, "I know him well enough; but this is no proper place for talking of this subject. I have no time to stop any longer." So saying I retired abruptly.

I had not proceeded far when I heard some person behind me laugh aloud. Turning round, I descried a soul appearing as famished as an alchymist, and as malicious as a public informer; he squeezed my hand very familiarly, and said: "You are perfectly right in getting rid of that foolish talker. I have overheard your whole conversation, and was astonished at your patience; it is to be lamented that there are so many people who trouble themselves about matters of which they have no conception; it would not be of any consequence, and at most excite pity, if none but barbers meddled with politics, but there are men of greater consequence who act as foolishly as your barber; instead of watching over the welfare of the state, as they are in duty bound, they sit together and talk over the newspapers. I have been employed in politics, as you may perceive, and had many opportunities of seeing how difficult a task it is to rule a country. In one word, I was butler to the Lord Chancellor. The finances were the favourite subject of my meditations, and if my advice had been followed, the state would have annually gained several millions. But you know men of talents always have enemies. The Chancellor of the Exchequer perceived that I was likely to eclipse him, and this was sufficient to induce him to ruin me. My country is to be pitied for having been deprived of my services. I meditated day and night how the finances of our country might be improved. I have proposed several excellent projects to the minister, but they were always rejected; an evident proof of the deplorable state to which we are reduced. I made a plan for the abolition of the clergy, proposing that the aldermen should be compelled to preach *gratis* in their room, and am sure that a considerable sum might thus have been saved in one year; but our government would not listen to this patriotic proposal. I tried another method of rendering myself useful to the state, presenting a memorial in which I had plainly proved that the treasury would every month gain at least three thousand pounds, if every wife exercising petticoat government over her husband were compelled to take out a monthly licence at the low rate of one shilling. Could any proposal have been more rational and just? but the only effect which this plan produced was, that all married women conspired against my life, and threatened to tear me to pieces. What do you think of these projects? tell me frankly whether they were not excellent."

I declined at first to give my opinion, but confessed at last that I could not approve of his proposal to licence wives to exercise a dominion over their husbands, as this would produce the greatest confusion in many families. As for his plan to abolish the clergy, I candidly confessed that it was so extremely absurd, that only a butler could have devised it; adding that the clergy at all times had the misfortune of displeasing those who were most destitute of common sense, and that the populace——— "What populace?" exclaimed the projector in a furious accent. "Do you know who I am? Don't you know that I am a government man? You are a traitor to your country, a rebel, a blasphemer! I will convince you——" So saying, he laid hold of me, and beat me so unmercifully, that I should have become most painfully sensible of his patriotic zeal, had not my conductor pacified him by a handful of money. He quitted me instantly, and withdrew.

ADDITIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

[*Continued from Page* 141.]

The two following articles are taken from an account of Guiana, in South America, lately published in Paris, by M. Malouet:

ANTS.

"In the middle of an immense Savannah, or swamp, perfectly level as far as the eye could carry, I observed a little hill, which appeared to be formed by men. My companion told me it was an ant-hill. What! said I, is this gigantic construction made by an insect? He proposed to conduct me, not to the hill, where we might have been devoured, but near the road of the labourers. We soon discovered several columns of ants going to, and coming from the forest, and bringing back pieces of leaves, roots, and seeds or grains. Those ants were of the largest size, but I did not venture to observe them too nearly. Their habitation, which I examined at about forty paces off, appeared to be about fifteen or twenty feet high, and about thirty or forty in diameter at the base. Its shape was that of a pyramid cut off at a third of its proper height. I was informed that when a planter had the misfortune to discover one of these formidable fortresses in clearing his newly-acquired lands, he was obliged to abandon his establishment, unless he was powerful enough to carry on a regular siege. My informer said this had happened to himself; he wished to extend his plantations, and discovered such a hut as was then before us. He caused a deep circular ditch to be dug, and filled with pieces of dry wood, and after having set fire to the whole circumference, he attacked the ant-hill with cannon. The demolition of the fabric dispersed the army of ants, which having no means of retreat, perished in the flames which issued from the ditch.

"What can be the cause of this immense reunion of ants, in the same place, and engaged in the same direction of labour, of collecting provisions, and of cohabitation, whilst they have at their disposal vast extents of lands, and plentiful food? It appears probable, that in these deserts they find a number of enemies among the birds, the reptiles, and even the quadrupeds, such as the ant-bear, against whom their numbers, if dispersed, can do nothing.

"They have conceived the plan of a confederation so powerful and so harmonic, that even the curious, who appear at the limits of their empire, are not tempted to encroach. In may truly be said that this population is raised *in mass* against every assailant; for the most robust man or animal who might approach the ant-hill, would in an instant be covered and devoured by myriads of ants.*

"Since this, I saw, in Cayenne, another species of ants no less wonderful, and more useful as it remains in peace and alliance with man, and it pursues only flies, lizards, caterpillars, scorpions, rats and mice. I have seen them arrive from the country in columns, enter the town by the gate, run over the houses, where they were fearlessly allowed to enter, and return after their execution, in the same order, and out of the same gate. I leave to naturalists the care of classing and describing the species; it is the moral part of animals which interests me."

SERPENTS.

"In the Savannahs of Iracubo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it be not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages; for I chose to traverse the country in various directions, and to skirt the great forests. One of the negroes, who formed the vanguard, returned full gallop, and called to me, "Here, Sir, come see serpents in pile."—He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the Savannah, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, this is certainly one of those assemblages of serpents, which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest; I have heard talk of these, but have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near. We continued our way slowly; I fixed my eyes on the pyramid, which appeared immovable. When we were within ten or twelve paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which, however, none of us were inclined.

"On a sudden the pyramidal mass became agitated; horrible hissings issued from it, and thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, presenting their envenomed darts, and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to

* In the Philosophical Transactions may be found a circumstantial account of this species of ants, with several plates of their habitations, by Mr. Smeathman.

draw back; but when I saw that this formidable phalanx remained at its post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode round it, in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy from every side. I then sought, as I had done with regard to the ant-hills, what could be the design of this monstrous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded, like the ants, some colossean enemy, which might be the great serpent,† or the *cayman*, and that they reunite themselves after having seen this enemy, in order to attack or resist him *in mass*.

" On this occasion, I shall hazard an opinion which I found on several other observations; it is, that the animals in the new world are more advanced than the men in developing their instinct, and in the social combinations of which they are susceptible; the silence and the solitude of the woods, leaving the greatest liberty to all their motions, the individuals of the same species easily meet; and those species which are the best organized feel, without doubt, that impulsion of a common interest which announces and provokes to the same end, the concurrence of all their means; but after having acknowledged in animals different degrees of intelligence, such as memory, deliberation, will, we are reduced to mere conjecture as to their means of communication. It is certain, that those which possess the organs of voice, have their cries of alarm, of rallying, of love, and of anger; and may they not also have those requisite to combine their chaces, to distribute the posts of attack and defence, the different labours for their common constructions, as well as for supplying their common habitations with necessaries? Can we conceive that beavers cut down great trees, drag them to the river, form and plant piles, beat mortar, build their lodge without speaking to, and understanding each other? Wherever there are different parts, and a common or general direction, there is police and government. We are not yet acquainted with the legislative power of bees and wasps, although we are so with their executive power; and who knows but what their humming and buzzing, monotonous to our gross organs, have not the variety of accent necessary for the promulgation and the execution of their laws? As to those species which are, or appear to be dumb, like ants, it was enough for me to have seen their vast capital to be convinced that their population (which must be twice as considerable as that of Pekin*) understands itself, and is governed infinitely better than the empire of China.

" It is difficult that the spectacle of so many wonders should not inspire us with a religious sentiment for their Divine Author, who has willed that, in the midst of all animated beings, there should be one superior to all the others, and marked with a celestial seal, that of conscience." Concla: 186.

ON THE IMAGINATION.

" IMAGINATION is the power which every man feels of being able to represent sensible things to his mind. This faculty depends on memory. Perceptions enter by the senses; the memory retains them, and the imagination combines them." VOLTAIRE.

Animals may be endowed with memory; man alone possesses imagination. Vain of a reason which deceives us and leads us astray, we pretend that the faculty places us above animals, and approximates us to the Deity; but I am almost tempted to ascribe these attributes to imagination. Instinct, more sure than reason, guides beasts after an infallible manner, and preserves them from error; and reason, which inspires us with so much pride, very often makes us commit gross faults. Less reason and more instinct might perhaps be to our advantage. Upon what foundation would our ostentation rest, if, as some persons pretend, reason is no more than instinct perfected; and if, in the state of nature, man had only the instinct of animals?

Thus, the barrier between us and animals, which they can never surmount, is the imagination; that brilliant faculty which at will disposes of events, of times, of places, of space, and which by a kind of creative power forms other

† " Some of these serpents are from thirty to forty feet in length, and four or five in circumference. I brought the stuffed skin of one of the species back to France, and gave it to the Museum—it was twenty-one feet long, and thirteen inches in diameter.

" The *cayman* is of the oviparous species of crocodiles, the egg from which it proceeds is no larger than that of a goose, the animal grows to the same enormous length as the above mentioned serpents."

* According to Sir George Staunton, Pekin contained, in 1793, three millions of inhabitants.

worlds, peoples them, and causes us to consider all objects as it were through a prism which embellishes them.

When imagination creates, it is called *genius*. Genius evidently consists in strength of imagination and extent of mind.

There are those who pretend that a man born blind must necessarily be without imagination; however, the remembrance which he retains of the other sensations which he receives, being the more lively, the pleasures of imagination are perhaps not entirely lost to him; and if he wanders not in ideal landscapes, he may transport himself into the land of harmony, and of perfumes, and enjoy his fancies. He who loses his sight, but not the remembrance of the places he has seen, and the persons he has known, can still rove in delightful countries, in cool groves, along shady vallies: but this dream is too soon dissipated; it terminates in the sad certainty that he no longer possesses what constitutes the charm of life—that his eyes never more will behold a woman, a wife, beloved children, a friend, the sun rising, and all the grand spectacle of nature, with which we are never satiated!

It has been remarked, that from the manner in which we receive perceptions, depends likewise that of our recalling them to mind. This observation is founded on experience: nevertheless, at the long run, the disagreeable impression effaces itself; and as it is connected with others of a pleasant nature, it augments their value and loses its bitterness.

Many persons have such an active and powerful imagination, that it poisons reality, and their enjoyment ceases at the moment it ought to commence. That of Rousseau is an example: it transported him so far into the land of fancy, that all the objects, which might otherwise have contented him, were afterwards of no value.—His rich and fertile imagination, anticipating the future, painted the morrow, or the day selected by him to enjoy some particular pleasure, and painted it to his fancy in so seducing a manner, that when the day came it had no charm. He himself asserted, that the land of chimeras was the best.

This great writer was fortunate in possessing a faculty which alleviated his misfortunes, and plunged him in pleasing reveries.

Much good, as well as much evil, may be said about imagination. It effectively assumes the different forms which it borrows from the different qualities of the soul. It is prejudicial to a suspicious and susceptible mind, which it terrifies with innumerable phantoms, at the same time nourishing and increasing its morosity. To such a mind it is a fatal gift.

Certain passions, different circumstances, a wrong bias of the mind, give a peculiar turn to the imagination. Pascal, Nicole, Rousseau, are sad examples. The first fancied he was always on the edge of a precipice; the second, perpetually dreading the fall of a tile, generally remained shut up in his room, and when obliged to go out, instead of walking, ran, to avoid the imaginary danger; and the third, more unfortunate than the other two, discovered in every face the mask of an enemy, and the expression of hatred. The deranged fancy of the two first appears puerile: the unjust persecutions which the last suffered, ought to justify him, and raise our pity.

A man of a brilliant and active imagination passes many happy hours. His time flies swiftly; he complains only of its rapidity. From an apartment in an obscure house, in a dirty street in the midst of the city, he hears alternately the singing of birds, the murmurs of the brook, the noise of the torrent, the whistling of the winds, the claps of thunder, the song of the shepherd, the bleating of the flocks; he beholds the enamel of the fields, flowery groves, verdant hills and fruitful dales; he follows the windings of the valley, the prolongation of the shadows, and the degradation of objects when the sun is on his decline. A man never writes better on the spectacle of nature, than when he is deprived of it: the delightful impressions he received crowd on his imagination, which combines them and renders them still more delightful.*

What pleasure does not imagination give to the man who lives in the midst of his beloved family? Other men are in his eyes divested of all their imperfections; they are all loving and sensible, good and virtuous; their language and their intentions are in harmony, their actions accord with their words, and the earth is an *Eden*, inhabited by brothers, who seek every opportunity of being reciprocally serviceable. The mother traces out a track for her daughter of duties to fulfil, of virtues to practise, and of good to be done. The father marks each day with some honourable act; and they all reap a rich harvest from their benevolent actions.

Let us penetrate into that obscure dungeon wherein a good man, the victim of injustice, languishes. He has no other companion than his imagination. As his character is mild and peaceable, his soul is not soured by misfortune. From the serenity of his looks, and the smile which appears on his lips, I perceive his mind has bounded far beyond the limits of his loathsome prison—he is free and walks without fet-

* It is said, that Thompson wrote his Summer in bed, at noon day, in the month of July, in London.

ters or chains: he talks to his iniquitous judges, he makes the voice of truth heard, he confounds his accusers, and returns triumphantly to his home to wipe away the tears of tenderness and friendship. A loud noise resounds through these vaults, the bolts are drawn back, the door creaks on its rusty hinges; the illusion is dissipated! A harsh and brutal jailer brings the daily loaf; the unhappy prisoner takes it and sighs. Silence returns; he anew gives way to the delusions of imagination, which calm his sorrows and lend wings to time. To that consolatory power he owes his courage, his hopes, and that kind of ideal happiness which makes some amends for the sad reality.

As I was returning home last night after dark, I slackened my pace, and at last stopped, to listen to delicious music, it was the tune which I shall always love, of which the words express that we cannot be in a better situation than in the bosom of our family. I immediately think of my own, my imagination in a moment overleaps the fifty miles which part us; I fancy my relations have assembled a band of musicians to celebrate my arrival. I remain immoveable; I hear without listening, without seeing any thing, or rather without looking. I am afraid by taking another step, of removing from the concert. V. with his violin, C. causing the strings of his harp to vibrate under his fingers, and B. who suspends all respiration with the ravishing tones of her voice, would not have enchanted me more. I behold at my side my mother tenderly affected; my good old father likewise moved. The concert ends abruptly. A little Savoyard ragamuffin who appeared to rise out of the earth, cried with a shrill voice: "The magic lantern!" And that medley of instruments was an organized hurdy-gurdy.

Thus our imagination becomes as it were, the magical comfort of our lives; unhappy those in whom it is paralysed; I pity them, I do not envy their frigid and gloomy reason; their enjoyments bear no comparison with mine.

TRUE HISTORY OF A RUSSIAN YOUNG LADY.

"The canker galls the infants of the spring,
"Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
"And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
"Contagious blastments are most imminent."
Hamlet, act i. s. 3.

Mary Federouna, was the only daughter of a Russian nobleman, of high rank and great fortune. Just at the time when the charms of youth were beginning to show themselves in her person, she had the misfortune to lose an excellent mother. Her father immediately retired with her to one of his distant estates, situated in the midst of the deserts of Russia. Thus she was suddenly obliged to quit the pleasures of the capital; the amiable societies which her mother had formed; and what was most regretted, that of the young Count Markof, who had offered her his respectful homage, and whom she had thought not unworthy of her affections.

It was even said that the young nobleman was the chief cause of the Baron's abrupt resolution to retire into the country. The Count, as much distinguished by his knowledge, his talents, and his amiability, as by his birth, had risen rapidly at court, and was possessed of such places, and such credit, as the Baron, notwithstanding his age and long services had never been able to obtain, although he fancied they were his due. Jealousy is implacable, above all when it believes justice to be on its side. So that his daughter was not only forced to abandon all hopes of uniting herself to the man whom she thought most worthy of her, but even the consolation of talking about him, or pronouncing his name, was forbidden in her new and sorrowful dwelling. The Baron loved his daughter, but it was after his own way, and he never had an idea that the love of a young woman, ought to cause the least alteration in his arrangements or his prejudices.

Mary lived in continual anguish; obliged to hear every day expressions of aversion and contempt for Markof and his family, she passed her solitary moments in making him amends for such injuries, by cherishing the most tender thoughts, and by the tears with which she moistened her silent couch. The freshness of her complexion faded; instead of her former sprightliness and the amiable carelessness of youth, a melancholy smile was sometimes seen. In vain she united to a beautiful person, and natural wit, the treasures of an excellent education, and even the noble sentiments with which she had been inspired by her virtuous mother. She had no communication with any persons except her father, the servants, and a few peasants, who in those countries are coarse and vile slaves.

In the mean time the love of Markof, far from being enfeebled by the remoteness of its object, acquired by its very means a new force. He quitted Moscow; and although Mary at their last interview had given him to understand, with

tears in her eyes, that they ought to resolve on an eternal separation; he came *incognito* in the environs of the Baron's castle, and having bribed one of the servants, he informed his beloved of his secret arrival. At the first moment Mary was exceedingly concerned. She forgot that her father and her governess were in the castle; she wrapt herself up in her cloak, and notwithstanding the intense cold of the season she went out, and directed her steps towards the place where she expected to meet her friend. All at once the idea of her father struck her, and froze all her members, she fell senseless on the road. She was found and brought home without any one's guessing the reason of her fainting; but next morning she wrote to Markof by the person he had himself employed. The certainty that they should never see the accomplishment of their vows, the order she was going to send him to cease all pursuit, inflamed her imagination. The heart guided the pen, the expression of her love appeared to burn on the paper; but, little able to write with any order, in that letter, which was hardly legible, and wherein she recounted her impotent efforts to meet him, she added in a scrawl which could scarce be decyphered, her commands that he should leave the place without delay; she told him that the whole province was subject to her father, and the hatred he manifested for him was more outrageous since he resided in the country; and, lastly, that it would endanger his life as well as that of his love, if he remained any longer. She concluded with saying, in a postscript on the other side of the page, that a secret foresight warned her that the moment of their interview would be very soon followed by cruel misfortunes.

As soon as she had sent away her letter, she repented having written it. She reproached herself with having destroyed all Markof's hopes. She had never longed so much to see him, as just after she had forbidden his coming. Her agitation was extreme; whilst moving about her apartment, she loudly exclaimed, "Can he love me, and obey? Will he go without making at least some sign to me; without waving his handkerchief?" Then she approached the window, and casting her eyes round the country which the last rays of the sun continued to enlighten, she sighed, and retiring precipitately: "Imprudent! what dare I desire? what dare I wait for? My ruin and his—Ah! may he not come!"

At that instant she hears a timid voice from without, calling her by name. She listens, runs to the window, opens it, and in the dress of a peasant she discovers Markof.

He had read Mary's letter with transport, he had covered it with ardent kisses; but in his delirium he had entirely neglected to observe the postscript, in which he was informed of the dangers of the least attempt. He had placed himself under the windows of the chamber inhabited by his mistress. "My dear Federouna!" said he, in a supplicating voice; "my dearest Mary!" and by the aid of some branches of trees, nailed against the wall he clambered up to the window and entered the room. The young Baroness was so terrified that she could neither speak nor act. He assured her he would depart directly, that he only wished to fold her once in his arms and to touch her mouth with his lips. He supported her, and placed her on a chair.

In this vast castle, the apartment of Mary was very distant from that of the Baron. That of the governess was nearer, but the melancholy of Mary had long kept that governess at a distance, and she was accustomed to the solitude in which Mary chose to remain for hours. Nothing was attended to; the moments flew, till at last the Baron surprised to find that his daughter did not as usual come to wish him a good night, came to know the reason.

The two lovers heard him; they trembled. Mary, in terror, opened an empty chest which happened to be in a corner of the room; although rather strait, Markof jumped in, laid close, and Mary shut it. The Baron entering his daughter's room, sat down, enquired tenderly after her health, her melancholy state, and having for some time conversed with her, he retired without any suspicion.

As soon as he was gone, Mary ran to the fatal trunk, she opened it—She thought Markof slept. He was indeed asleep, but never to wake!

He was smothered. He might, without doubt, as soon as he found the danger of his situation, have made some motion which would have delivered him; but the dread of exposing to the Baron's resentment a woman whom he loved more than life, had resigned him to death.

We can form no adequate idea of the terrible condition of Mary at such a sight. She at first thought the Count affected to sleep; she even reproached him for so doing; after which lifting him up with some effort, the body fell again. She uttered piercing cries. Alas, had it pleased God the Baron had heard those cries! Mary's situation was dreadful, and the idea of her father's anger, even of the excesses which his fury might make him commit on the body of his enemy, filled her soul with terror. In those delirious moments, she pressed her dead lover's head to her bosom; in calmer instants, she tried all the means she could think of to restore him to life. The whole night was passed in this manner; the break of day added to her anguish; she thought on the scenes which that day would enlighten.

In Russia every considerable house keeps a man, whose business is to watch all night. He is commonly one of the meanest slaves; in the day-time he is employed in the vilest offices, and his lodging is little better than a dog-kennel. Mary, in her distress, applied to this wretch. He enters her chamber, prostrates himself, and begs her protection. She raises him, promises it, and likewise promises him a sum of money, if he will do her a piece of service, and faithfully keep the secret. She then discovers her misery, and intreats him to take the body of her lover and bury it in the wood.

The man sullenly listened to her; he immediately perceived the importance of the service which was required, and from that moment affected the insolence of a clown who finds himself necessary. Mary gave him some money, which he received with indifference, and gave her to understand that the Baron would give him more to betray her. This rascal, who a few minutes before dared not lift his eyes to the daughter of his master, and who was accustomed to look on them both as divinities on whom his fate, his life depended, who thought himself happy to sleep in the corner of a stable, and to escape the chastisement which the meanest servant might daily inflict on him for his negligence; this monster dared to wish to possess the person of Mary. He explained himself sufficiently, and began to behave himself with impudent audacity. The young Baroness, although overwhelmed with grief, found strength to repel him, and with becoming dignity ordered him to get out.

But the villain knew his own advantages too well to obey; he was in possession of her secret and threatened to go to the Baron. Mary cast herself at his feet; promised him his freedom, offered her fortune; all her efforts were in vain; he still persisted in his execrable design. Then Mary pretended she would consent to his desires; she conjured him only to do what she required, and swore she would wait for him in her chamber.

The slave did as she wished. Nobody was yet stirring in the castle. As soon as she saw him beyond the walls, she went and knocked at the door of her governess, commanding her to go to the Baron, and to intreat him to come that instant to his daughter, whose life was concerned. She then returned to her apartment and fastened herself in. Her father arrives, finds the door shut, speaks to his daughter, and asks her the reason of this proceeding. She raises her faint voice as much as she is able after what she has suffered, and without opening the door, she tells her father the whole story; she reproaches him with having contemned her love, and the irresistible passion she had felt; then, in a more affectionate tone, she swears she has forgiven him all, but that she could no longer live after such horrors.

The terrified father calls his servants, they break open the door; but it was too late; she had stabbed herself, and was no longer living. The Baron was then sensible how dearly his inveterate cruelty cost him, and the vile slave received the just punishment of his villany; he was on the same day empaled alive.

"THE ROYAL ECLIPSE; OR, DELICATE FACTS." BY DIOGENES.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY READING THE ABOVE PUBLICATION.

WHEN a publication of any description is sent into the world, it is the privilege of each individual to examine its contents, and state his opinion of the degree of merit or demerit that ought to be attached to it; and in proportion as he avails himself of this privilege with a view to promote the true interests of society, the task he performs becomes interesting, useful, and acceptable.

In a community celebrated for refined taste, for polished manners, for the endearing felicities of domestic intercourse, and for all the engaging accomplishments and fascinating elegancies of social life, any attempt, consistent with truth and propriety, that can be made to rescue characters of acknowledged eminence from the destructive effects of calumny and detraction, must be highly gratifying to every person who possesses a mind influenced by those solid principles of genuine virtue, which alone give honour to rationality, and dignity to humanity.

The leading feature which is observable in every publication, is always the most illustrative of its true character and real tendency and design. When therefore we find ourselves disposed to compare a few publications of a peculiar description, and of a recent date, with each other, we cannot but observe something so much like a systematic design to destroy, in the estimation of the people, that due respect for those who move in the very first circles of life, that we cannot reflect on the tendency of those publications without experiencing sensations of terror arising from a consideration of the consequences to which such diabolical liberties, if countenanced and encouraged, must eventually lead. It is our interest to respect virtue above all things; and

is equally our interest to respect virtuous characters for virtue's sake. It is also highly expedient to respect rank, as a link essentially necessary in the chain of social and political life, without which mankind cannot exist with comfort or security. Rank is a prize which stimulates many a one to the achievement of deeds of heroism, which perhaps nothing but rank would have roused him to perform. At the prospect of honour thousands disregard dangers, and brave the terrors of death with a fortitude that nothing can appal or surpass; of this manly and laudable spirit of rational enterprise, which may be rendered subservient to the noblest purposes of life, nothing can deprive the possessors but a certainty and conviction that the honours they are zealously emulous to deserve and obtain, will never be conferred.

Consistent with the respect in which rank ought ever to be held for its salutary influence on the public mind, a reflecting person cannot but consider every attempt that is made to lessen or destroy such influence, either in public or private life, as derogatory to the true and essential interests and permanent felicity of every enlightened and civilized establishment. Nor is our respect for rank to be confined to characters of our own sex. The female character has equal claim to all the deference and respect to which the rank she may move in entitles her. And he, who by calumny, slander, or defamation of any description, attempts to lessen or destroy that respect which is properly due to any individual, is an enemy to the community to which he belongs. Truth is not defamation. It is the manner in which, and the intention and design with which, or for which truth is circulated, described, and impressed upon the attention of others, that attaches defamation to the publication of it. Crime may be correctly stated without being liable to the imputation of defamation. When it is so stated, it evidently carries with it nothing of that spirit which is calculated to inflame the public mind, to excite resentment, disaffection, disrespect and contempt; a practice which in the present age is not only extremely fashionable, but apparently highly gratifying to the peculiar taste of the day. These refinements of morality can never be introduced as appendages to happiness. Inflammatory publications are no criterions of the sound state of the public body. When those publications are circulated for the purpose of degrading female characters, and when we perceive them to be countenanced or even connived at by men, we are almost induced to ask if the latter can possibly be rational beings! To the weight of truth, whatever that weight may be, the generous mind adds not a single grain of suppositionary demerit. Beautiful in itself, virtue loves not to add to the deformity of others. For objects and for subjects on which to exercise a malignant disposition, he who is disposed to defame can never be at a loss. From the exercise of a disposition diabolical in its nature, and beyond all calculation dangerous in its tendency, nothing but disaffection, discord and rebellion can well be expected to take place. Detraction is the produce of a soil that is never barren; and in proportion as we weaken, either by this or any other vice, the moral and political influence and salutary operation of public respect, we open the door to public calamity. Every avenue that leads to disrespect leads to disaffection; and if pursued will terminate in hatred. When the conduct of mankind is influenced by opinion instead of principle, the greatest villain is likely to obtain the greatest confidence and the greatest patronage. It is a melancholy trait in the character of man that he is much less ready and zealous in defending and protecting a character that report may have loaded with suspicion, than he is to receive and admit suspicion as a proof of guilt. Nor can his pride stoop to the acknowledgment of what is good in others so readily as his meanness can descend to the belief and promulgation of what is not so. This is a defect arising less from mental debility than from mental indolence, gross corruption or conscious depravity. All nature is defective in some point; and all the operations of nature collectively taken are intended to co-operate for the purpose of supplying such defect, providing a remedy for it, or counteracting its influence. Man is a defective being, and when his defects are multiplied or exaggerated for the purpose of generating mischief, the circumstance becomes too seriously and too conspicuously dangerous to be treated with indifference or impunity. The design of a publication constitutes the character of its author. Either he is a friend to the community before whom he makes his appearance, or he is an enemy. If he is a friend, evident traits of that friendship will be readily recognised and generally acknowledged. If he is an enemy, his cunning, his sophistry, his asperity, or his malevolence will form some of the characteristic features of his work.

Of the defects of men, none are more extensively, none are more universally mischievous than those which are calculated to create a supposition of the certain existence of crime or deformity, where no such supposition existed before; or to heighten the degree and the effect of it where it unfortunately might have existed, although unattended with extensive publicity. To a mind actuated by the principles of goodness, a more painful duty cannot be performed than that of publishing the misconduct of another; and it,

then only becomes a duty when it is undertaken for the purpose of preventing a repetition of crime, or an extension or continuation of injury. In both these cases, painful as the duty is, it is neither more nor less than a duty arising from the nature, influence, and operation of the true principles of genuine love and good-will to all mankind. By the influence of these principles it is that I would wish to examine the performance of Diogenes; but in conformity to the influence of these principles it is that I am deprived of giving him any merit for the productions of his pen. Whether the "Royal Eclipse" is a fabrication from newspapers, or whether it is an original production, cannot affect the propriety or impropriety of its publication. If it be asked what good can be expected to arise to the community from a publication of this description? I should reply, none whatever. It is neither calculated to promote the interests of virtue, nor to prevent the practice of vice. It carries with it all the malignity of unqualified censure, and all the malicious impudence of unblushing exposure. Where the succession to the crown is not likely to be affected, where national harmony and security is not likely to be disturbed, the interference of the public can be neither necessary, useful, nor political. It can have no tendency to do good, but it may have a very powerful one in producing mischief. The private domestic transactions of persons in the very highest rank in life, should be held as sacred as the private domestic transactions of persons moving in any of the inferior stations in society. Where is the family who would willingly have all the whims and caprices to which at times, and under peculiar circumstances, it may occasionally or accidentally be subject, exposed to the eye or the ear of the public? Where is the family who will not, for its own peace and security, come forward to repress a writer that should thus insolently trespass on a privilege that is interwoven with the very principles of domestic liberty. The liberty of the press I would by no means infringe on; but the liberty of publishing malicious and unnecessary representations, even of real facts, that do not concern the public as a community, I would endeavour to crush with all the firmness of cool, deliberate and persevering disapprobation. Never can the hands of the common hangman be better or more usefully employed than on occasions like these. To sacrifice the fuel of malevolence at the footstool of disgrace, must be highly gratifying to all the votaries of virtue.

It certainly might reasonably have been expected that the discussion of a subject like that of the "Delicate Inquiry," if entered into at all, would, at least, have been entered into with the feelings of a delicate and sympathizing mind; a mind awake to the diabolical influence of calumny on the one hand, and to the refined sensibilities arising from a possibility of existing innocence on the other; of a mind influenced by the commiserative operations of sympathy, under a presumptive probability of frailty; and of dignified respect and admiration under the possible inference of malicious and unfounded accusations. A respect due to the public ought to have had, and certainly would have had, some weight with a writer who was not more under the direction of passions not altogether commendable, than under the direction of affections calculated to produce regret and reformation rather than contempt and disgust.

One exalted character Diogenes has unequivocally attempted to destroy in the estimation of the public, without any real or apparent benefit arising to the community from the attempt. He has at the same time intruded on our notice another exalted character, with a wantonness altogether irreconcileable to every known principle of justice, candour, and consistency.—Nothing betrays the influence of malignity in a writer more forcibly than a decided propensity to eradicate the very appearance of all existence of virtue and of excellence in those against whom the overflowing torrent of abuse is directed. He who loves truth and sincerity for virtue's sake, loves candour and impartiality for truth's sake. He who writes for the public good, writes for ages to come. He writes as he feels; and if he feels as a rational being ought to feel, the feelings that he describes will be recognised with pleasure and acknowledged with gratitude. By such a one the prevalence of report will never be considered as a substitute for reality of guilt. The value of character will never be diminished by the determinations of political expediency, wherein rational harmony and rational confidence are, and ever ought to be, peculiar objects of considerative attention. On either side prevalence of opinion is no criterion of guilt or of innocence; much less is a spirit of vehement condemnation a proof of exemption from error of decision. The public accusations of an upright writer are founded only on facts that are indisputable. He trusts not to the accuracy of report; he listens not to the levity of humour; his ear is deaf to the voice of slander; and his heart, in a case like the one under consideration, is open to conviction only on the evidence of his senses. In publishing the crime of another he will not subject himself to the possibility of a mistake. Nothing less than positive conviction, and that conviction the result of the evidence of his own senses, will induce him to take from another that which he can never repay him, or return him an adequate compensation for. Character

is a jewel of intrinsic value. This value none can diminish or destroy but its owner. Its extrinsic value may be diminished and ruined by the conduct of thousands. If it is undeservedly diminished, the world at large becomes the sufferer. Oftentimes the energies of virtue operate in proportion to the public estimation of character to the benefit and advantage of mankind; and if those energies operate to the advantage of the community in proportion as characters become conspicuously estimable, much of that influence must necessarily be lost when those energies are enfolded in the strong web of public calumny, from which they can never be wholly rescued after they have been once enviously and maliciously, although unjustly, entangled. This is a consideration of so serious and of so lamentable a nature, that I have often supposed it to be almost impossible that any person exercising the privilege of a rational being, and possessing the smallest possible degree of sympathy or fellow-feeling for another, could be so despicably depraved as to attempt to ruin, or even to call in question the respectability of any character, for any purpose whatever, where the proof of its deformity was not altogether clear, satisfactory and unequivocal. The murderer is far less cruel than a person of this description; and he is far less an enemy to the happiness of his own species. He stabs, but the pang of regret excited by the effect of his barbarity in the victim of his hatred is healed for ever. The other also stabs, but it is with a view to establish a cause of reflection, uneasiness, discord, and disgrace for ages to come. The one is soon forgotten, because its effects have, with respect to this world, only a temporary duration, and a temporary operation: the other is remembered for ever; because the attachment of vice to rank, is what too many in all ages of the world refer to with a kind of savage delight and brutal avidity, incompatible with every feeling that can possibly arise from any rational or religious principle. Nothing less than a determined and continued activity of virtue can effectually check or counteract the progress and establishment of this powerfully destructive vice. To weaken the influence and the effect of every exertion and of every undertaking and design that is truly commendable, is the undeniable motive of every species of defamation. Persons peculiarly respected for their domestic, their social, and their public virtues, who have obtained something more than a common share of popularity, are always to be found among the number selected as objects of public reprobation. It is the object of calumny to generate mischief. It was by this destructive engine that the families of the nobility of France were swept away to make room for those whose virtues were not more conspicuous than those of their predecessors. Rank and elevation were the objects against which the very first efforts of the spirit of rebellion in that country were directed. Libels were daily issued from the press in Paris, for the express purpose of destroying public confidence and generating national disaffection. The royal family were more particularly the objects against which the venom of inveterate and malevolent calumny was directed. The operation was gradual in its progress, but fatally successful in its effect. It eradicated affection and respect; and it produced suspicion and hatred. It effected a change of opinion inimical to virtue and religion; and by this change the kindling sparks of disaffection, disloyalty, and infidelity, were blown into a flame, which devoured and consumed every thing that was before esteemed sacred and respectable. Against this flame the ties of consanguinity and friendship were equally insecure. The toleration of calumny is the certain forerunner of inevitable destruction. Those who connive at this vice, sleep in danger; but those who encourage it, are roused from their error only by the ruin that awaits them. Of all calumny, political calumny or calumny circulated for the purpose of effecting some political views, or of resenting some political measures, is always the most extensively ruinous. Its prevailing object is to dispossess virtue of excellence, goodness of value, honesty of confidence, affability of popularity, dignity of respect, generosity of merit, rank of veneration, and religion of utility. It contributes to annihilate all love of goodness, all deference to greatness, and all subordination to law. It marks no distinction between talents and virtues; it preserves no medium between ability and fidelity; it maintains no precise separation between the consolations arising from confidence and the apprehensions resulting from suspicion. To sincerity it pays not the homage of approbation; to deceit it evinces not a disposition to be displeased. Like the whirlwind, in its progress, it involves us in dangers that no mortals can relieve us from. In every direction the effect is felt, but from no quarter can its consequences be avoided. The state is as insecure as the individual. The court as the cottage. Royalty is invested with no talisman by which its direction can be changed, its velocity impeded, or its ruinous consequences prevented. The toleration of calumny is the toleration of universal mischief. To this toleration must be attributed the insecurity of kingdoms, of nations, and of empires. Nothing can withstand that tempest which is suffered to beat down virtue by the admitted and predominant operation of this malignant and destructive vice, which in its birth wears the appearance of weakness and inconsequentiality; it begins its course

by indirect attempts to weaken the influence of the religious principle on the mind, and by a progressive perseverance, disseminates a spirit of indifference, which too generally terminates in a spirit of professed infidelity. It was thus that the religion of France was swept away to make room for crimes of every description. Licenciousness reared her triumphant head, and menaced death and destruction to all who possessed the fortitude to resist the gigantic strides by which she trampled on the rights, the liberties, and the privileges of those who honoured her not with the homage of attention. The moment is arrived when the people of this country should reflect with a degree of no common seriousness on the operation of calumny on the government of France, and apply the inference to themselves. No sooner had the royal family of that country been degraded by this vice, than the footsteps of devastation and carnage were to be traced from the throne to the cottage. Neither youth nor age, neither sex nor station, neither wealth nor poverty, neither parents nor children, neither innocence nor excellence, were objects of consideration. Political enthusiasm was the only watchword for political distinction. Warned by so dreadful an example, let us with one heart and one mind drive away every appearance of calumny from among us, as the north wind driveth away rain, or an angry countenance a backbiting tongue.

W. P.

SPEECH DELIVERED IN A LITERARY SOCIETY.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING procured a copy of the following speech, which was delivered some years ago in a provincial Literary Society, on the first admittance of a gentleman who was to fill the station of a deceased member, I have taken the liberty of sending it to you, hoping you will not think it unworthy of a place in your entertaining miscellany. I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,
And constant reader,
TIMOTHY JOGTROT.

Gentlemen,—I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the honour I feel at being admitted in this areopagus of literature, where the members speak little, and write less, but think much. How greatly does it surpass the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, the productions of which yearly fill enormous volumes! In this learned society you do not discuss subjects which might lead to dissention, but your minds are wrapped in sober reflection. In former times, the inhabitants of the country endeavoured to imitate the actions of Londoners; but now I have been assured that the case is reversed, and that in many public meetings no other noise is heard for several hours but the rattling of knives and forks, and the ringing of glasses. How glorious is it for you, gentlemen, to see those proud citizens who would have disdained your society, now take you for their models. But now that I am on this theme, how shall I ever be able to equal the exalted character I have been chosen to replace. (Here the speaker stopped for a moment, to receive the applause so justly his due). Ah! if I cannot equal him, I will at least endeavour to tread in his footsteps; and to further this, I will give you a sketch of his life and exemplary qualities.

Do not expect to hear a relation of battles; he disdained the glory of arms. Do not search in his history for the haughty cares of a magistrate, who wishes to change the laws of his country, and cause a revolution. No; he trampled under foot the grandeurs of the earth; and when his admirers wished to make him a justice of the peace, he rejected the offer, not with that feigned modesty which Cæsar affected when Anthony offered him the crown, but with a frankness that was truly philosophical. "I understand nothing of these things," said he. What genuine sense is comprised in these few words? Is not all that the Grecian and Roman philosophers have said on the subject of troubles being inseparably allied with dignities, contained in this simple and laconic answer? I am persuaded that people of real taste will prefer it to all that has been said by our most celebrated poets.

Do not impose on me the task of giving you an analysis of his works, for his modesty has prevented it. He was far from sharing in the conceit of so many writers, whose motive for publishing the fruits of their labours is rather to be admired than to instruct the world. No one has ever doubted, gentlemen, that if he had taken up the pen, he would have surpassed Shakespeare, Milton, Hume, and all our most celebrated authors. He used to declare it, with that ingenuousness with which you were so well acquainted. "Yes," added he, "fame would then single me out; I am a mortal, I am weak, and some emotions of pride might alter the serenity of

my soul." "But," observed a friend, "you need not put your name to your works." "I should always be discovered;" replied he, "and the voice of praise would trouble the peace which reigns in my retreat" He preserved this system so obstinately, that when he was admitted one of you, you were forced to dispense with the customary speech on these occasions; an exception which, I believe, has been made for him alone, and which exemplifies your modesty as much as his; because, in this speech, he could not have swerved from the established rule of praising you, and himself. He was magnanimous, for he disdained honours. He was possessed of talents, for he carefully concealed them. He was a deep thinker, for he never revealed the subject of his meditations. His mother relates, that three nights previous to his birth, she had three dreams, in which she saw three laurel-wreaths placed on her child's head by three muses, who alternately suckled him. I know that many learned men will refuse to credit this, for a very good reason; because their mothers have not had a similar warning. But Heaven sometimes grants that to great minds, which it will not to the vulgar.

At an early age he was sent to school. Here the history of his life becomes rather obscure, and offers a problem which I will solve. Some pretend that he shone conspicuous in the classes; others, that he always held the lowest places. If the first tradition be true, his extraordinary talents already began to expand; but if we must adopt the second, he disdained scholastic fame, or nature wished to ripen the fruit before it was possible to descry the germ. However, I know he made a particular study of the syntax, but despised mathematics, astronomy, natural and moral history, and all those trifling sciences which neither improve the mind nor the heart. On leaving school, his mother desired him to choose a profession; but he disliked them all. "What then, will you do?" said she. "I will think," was this young philosopher's reply. "Well, then think," rejoined this illustrious woman, this model for mothers. In effect, he employed all his life in reflection. He read but little, because there are so few good books; and even when he perused the best authors, he generally fell asleep, because he felt his own superiority over those whose works delight the world. Charades and logogryphs were his most favourite study. "How often, gentlemen, have you beheld him, like a new Œdipus, endeavouring to find out the word of a logogryph, with an eagerness that cannot be described; if he could not succeed, he would beat his forehead, tear his hair, and show all the signs of a man in despair! this is the only time in his whole life when his phlegm and his courage were not in unison with his general behaviour. But when he had hit on the word, how his face was illuminated with joy! No, that of a monarch who had just been crowned, never expressed any thing half so sublime or majestic. I owe to his fame to declare here, that he once sacrificed it entirely to me. I was seeking the word of an enigma, he found it out, and came and whispered it in my ear, permitted me to take the whole credit of it, and never revealed this secret to the day of his death; unlike those indiscreet authors, who only lend their pens to their friends to claim two days afterwards the works they had given them.

In short, gentlemen, he condescended to familiarize himself with the lowest ranks of people, and could so easily assume the language of the most illiterate peasant, that one would have imagined it was natural to him. His company was agreeable, and the appetite with which he ate, excited it in others. Recall to your remembrance, gentlemen, the superb feast he gave you on the day of his reception; that soup, those exquisite pies, those ——. But I perceive, gentlemen, that I increase the grief you feel at his loss, and I will leave off speaking to weep with you for the death of this wonderful man, who gave excellent dinners, and did not require them to be returned. Grief stifles my voice, and I have scarcely strength to read the sentence with which I intend to conclude. I proposed to make this great character my model, and I feel that I have transgressed against the law he had laid down by composing this; but it is the only time I will wander from his traces, and during the remainder of my life, I pledge myself to you, as well as to the public, to be his faithful imitator. Allow me to add two more words, gentlemen, before I sit down. There have only been found among the papers of this great man two verses of a madrigal; the first was composed ten years ago, the second four. Merciless death has prevented him from writing the two last, and crowning his work. The following are the two verses in question:

"Cupid is a wanton child,
"Whose eyes and playful language"

Which of us, gentlemen, would dare to put a finishing hand to this posthumous master-piece? Ah! let us rather carefully preserve it in its native beauty in our society, and not imitate those bold commentators who have dared to fill up the unfinished lines which Virgil had left in the six last books of his Eneid.

E. R.

ON FLATTERY.

FLATTERY is praise carried to excess. To tell a woman she is handsome, is to praise her ; to tell her one is not so handsome as she is, is to flatter her.

This species of flattery is little obnoxious or inconvenient. What signifies whether we exaggerate the beauty, talent, wit, merit or virtue of any being, if that being be really distinguished by talent or merit, and really handsome, witty, or virtuous. All we have to fear, is that the judgment which we pass on that person is much beneath his own opinion. It is very rare to find any one who does not value himself more than he is worth.

But flattery is often liable to real inconveniences ; this is when it raises defects into laudable qualities, and vices into virtues. It then becomes falsehood. Flattery, in this case, is the more dangerous, as it is always sure of success, because it smothers the cry of conscience, and rids us of importunate reflections, such as we cannot investigate without blushing.

The powerful are doomed to be flattered. How can it be otherwise? They look upon themselves as privileged beings, and would be dissatisfied at not being considered as such. Besides this, their condition unfortunately obliges them to keep at a certain distance from other men; they vainly bestow their confidence ; they never inspire any.

Flatterer and courtier are two synonymous words in every language. La Fontaine pretends we can never praise too much—" The gods, our mistress, and our king "

The first may pass; there is little danger in the second ; the last may lead to serious consequences. It might perhaps have been better expressed: there are three kinds of people who never think they are praised too much—" Kings, women, and authors."

A slight knowledge of mankind is sufficient to learn that the most certain way of obtaining their confidence and favour, is to praise them boldly to their face; and as it might be dangerous to be ingenuous, and that moreover nothing is to be gained by frankness, every one prefers becoming a flatterer.

The flatterer rarely raises his voice. His smile is gracious, his looks gentle and caressing: he is humble in his address, insinuating in his language, supple and polite in his manners. Every thing astonishes, pleases, and charms him in the person whose good graces he wishes to conciliate. He weeps or laughs with him, adopts his friendships and his dislikes, approves all he does or says, and identifies himself so much with him, as to make his presence a want, and his company a necessity.

There are flatterers by character, these are the smallest in number. Other flatterers are so from interest; these are numerous. The former address themselves indiscriminately even to those from whom they expect nothing ; the latter attach themselves solely to those from whom they hope for riches or honours. The first see in a person only a subject to flatter; the second attend only to the power and credit of the person flattered. One speaks without premeditation, the other says nothing but what he has previously studied. One rarely visits antechambers; the other passes one third of his life in them.

It is said that flattery is a poison; true, but a poison so sweet that no one mistrusts it, and no one repulses the person who knows how to prepare and to offer it.

Flattery is less formidable to a fool, than to a wise man, because it is scarcely possible to flatter a fool more than he flatters himself.

The arts are necessarily flatterers. A picture or a statue would remain in the hands of the painter or sculptor, if they did not give a handsome likeness of the original. An architect who might be engaged to build a house, would find all his plans rejected were he not to sacrifice simplicity, to the obligation of exhibiting in the most trifling details the riches and magnificence of the proprietor.

A book frequently owes its success merely to the name of the person to whom it is dedicated. A celebrated engraver published a print representing *Charles I.* on horseback. *Cromwell* reigned, the print had no sale: the artist substituted the Protector's head for that of the King, and the print met with prodigious success.

ESSAY ON QUACKERY.

"In law or physic, quack in what you will,
"Cant and grimace conceal the want of skill."

For some time past I have been at a loss how to etymologize the word Quackery; or, in other words, as the schoolmaster asks his pupil, to know *unde derivatur?* Some of our English Dictionaries derive it from a French word; Robert Ainsworth Latinizes it by the words,—*Empiricus, histrio, medicus circumforaneus, iatraiaptice.* These are such immaleable and irrefrangible words as to be sufficient to unhinge the jaws, and distort the countenance in the pronunciation of them. With due deference to these respectable authorities, I beg leave, for once, to differ from them; not with so outrageous a confidence as to assume a claim to superior knowledge but because my new derivation best suits my purpose. Among the innumerable variety of Quacks and Empirics with which this town swarms, I have observed, that by whatever denomination or profession, orthodox or heterodox, spiritual or unspiritual distinguished, by whatever artifice protected, or mask concealed, they coalesce unanimously in one system, of which the word *quatio* to shake, is a just symbol. The system of quackery being the shaking the money of fools into the pockets of knaves. Permit me, therefore, from *quatio* to derive quackery.

But to be serious. To point out the multifarious paths of quackery, open their windings, develope their avenues, and explore their recesses, might be a laudable and useful employment, could we hope to investigate it fairly and complete it effectually. The insuperable difficulty is, that the great body of mankind, I mean the weak, the illiterate, and the undiscerning in every age incessantly bustle in search of variety, without any determinate path or plan; hence constantly wheeling in the mazes of incertitude, the prevailing humour, or passion of the moment, leads them into error or into truth. The highest authority assures us, that the Athenians, with those who resorted to Athens, that once venerable seat of polished science, suffered the inquisitiveness of curiosity to supersede the ardor of pursuit after laudable and substantial truths. The Athenians, says St. Luke, and strangers that were there, spent their time in nothing else but either to hear or to tell some new thing; and were we to examine the people of England, the same impertinent temper leads the multitude into endless varieties of unaccountable methods for the attainment of their respective ends. A man needs but deviate from the established opinions, and the practices of other men, and push forward his measures with a furious activity, supported by a pompous and senseless loquacity, to place himself at the head of a seditious faction, a dangerous junto, or a conventicle; appearances preserved in language and exterior, sustain the character, promote the views, and accomplish the ends. Thus, by looking seriously into the manners of men, and the springs of human intentions, we may sometimes unravel the bewildering labyrinths and unfold the pernicious errors in which novelty, vanity, grimace, and superstition involve the community. Men of unsettled, erroneous or wicked principles, and who possess natural or acquired abilities, invariably do mischief to society by defections from truth and rectitude, and their mischief is so highly malignant that it is frequently irreparable; for let these men quack in what they will, they seldom miss the goal proposed, which entails injury or ruin upon others. The puff of airy sound predominates. A statesman wrestles into the ministry by vociferating the avarice and peculation of ministry; the alderman of a borough into the dignity of mayor, by indicating the faults and mistakes of his predecessors; and my lord's rat-catcher assures us he has the only recipe in the world which destroys vermin. It is related of the famous Dr. Green, that when asked by an acquaintance, a physician of eminence, how he acquired the attention of the multitude, and preserved so universal an ascendancy over them? The Doctor candidly replied:—"In the first place, Sir, my procedure is in itself a novelty, and this alone procures me a crowd; then occasionally I throw out with vehemence and volubility, a number of technical terms, seasoned and fricasseed with scraps of Latin and Greek, and this convinces them that I am a great scholar. All this however would not do, were not my Andrew a merry, pleasant fellow; with whom, by adopting our conversation to the style and humour of John Bull, we can keep him together many hours in a very good humour, and at last send him away highly diverted and improved. Thus it comes that a pennyworth of julep from my hands at the price of a shilling, is of more estimation in the ideas of my customers than the best dose of physic from the shop of a regular educated apothecary."

The common saying, that the world is led by appearances, will be a general truth so long as there is incapacity, indiscernment, and capricious-

ness in the world; but to reflect upon the confusion and destruction which always results from this preservation of appearance, is painful indeed; when external circumstances represent a faithless picture of the mind, we hazard very much in every dealing and concern. The insincerity of the world indeed, in some cases, oblige us to conceal our ultimate intentions from men; but this is a mask which honour and honesty bid us wear no longer than we acquire the security of an inflexible vigilance. Dr. Tillotson's advice, at the long run, excels all substitute,—"The best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be."

Had Dr. Johnson studied the doctrine of Lord Chesterfield, most probably the world would have lost some part of his best writings, which were his real excellencies; and had he been the most agreeable of men in his manner and address, he would have known no more of mankind and of books than he did. Would every person pursue the natural bias of his own genius, to its utmost extent, in useful and commendable acquisitions, every occupation and profession, every art and science, would gradually arrive at perfection; the glorious and systematical fabric of human attainments would become so exalted and stupendous as to fill with amazement and wonder even its own directors.

If a man is born lame or deformed, we do not ridicule him for attempts to conquer a language or a science; but should he labour to become an expert actor, or dancing master, he fairly claims the laugh of derision and insult.

Far from me be insinuations which might be deemed prejudicial to politeness; when the man of taste, refinement, and address, unites in the man of sound extensive knowledge, together they form a most elegantly polished and accomplished character. My meaning is simply, that when a man is neither formed by nature, nor led by inclination, to shine in a drawing room, or an assembly, let him content himself by prudently relinquishing the pursuit; and sit down to the acquisition of such things as accord with his comprehension, lie in the reach of his understanding, and for which nature intended him. *Be what we are*, is the best maxim; inattention to which may lead us miserably to experience the folly of *being what we are not*. Once stripped of borrowed plumes we justly excite contempt, are the objects of insignificance, and fall to rise no more.

THE ANTIQUARIAN OLIO.

[*Continued from Page* 98.]

PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

FROM the present appearance of some of the buildings, and the known age of others, it would seem that originally the palace of Westminster formed two sides of a square, and was all comprehended within Old Palace-yard, of which it constituted the east and south sides. Its east side consisted of the Court of Requests, the Painted Chamber, the old House of Lords, the Prince's Chamber, and several other nameless old rooms adjoining them; those on the south cannot now be ascertained, as none of them are at present existing. Stow says the antiquity is uncertain, but that Edward the Confessor resided and died here.

King Stephen is said to have built the chapel of St. Stephen, where the House of Commons now sit, probably intending it as a chapel for the palace, in the room of one which existed before. That the structure of St. Stephen's Chapel had obtained at least the highest and most decided approbation, in an age distinguished for architectural refinements and magnificence, is apparent from the will of King Henry VI. which particularly and emphatically directs that the stalls and rood-loft of the choir of Eton College, shall "be made in manner and form like the stalls and roode loft in the Chappell of St. Stephen, at Westminster." From Stow's Remarks on London, St. Stephen's Chapel was built by King Stephen about 1141.

From Sandford's Genealogy, we are informed that Edward IV. died at his palace of Westminster, April 9, 1483, and after his body had been inclosed in his coffin it was brought into St. Stephen's Chapel, where three masses were sung. It remained there eight days, and was then conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and finally to Windsor.

After the various changes the old palace of Westminster had undergone from accident by fires and the ruinous state it remained in for years, it is reported to have been afterwards inhabited by Queen Elizabeth; and the inner room, in which the Court of Exchequer frequently sit, has been traditionally affirmed to have been her bed-chamber. The outer room at the top of the steps from Westminster-hall, where on other

occasions the same court now continues to sit, has also been said to have been used by her as a concert, or breakfast room.

At the upper end of Westminster-Hall is a marble stone (perhaps table or bench) of nineteen feet in length and three feet in breadth, and a marble chair, where the kings of England formerly sat at their coronation dinners, and at other solemn times the Lord Chancellor, but now not to be seen, being built over by the Courts of King's Bench and Chancery. Search has lately been made close to the southern wall, but without success. It is highly probable that the chair and table were placed at a distance from the wall, to allow of a space for the attendants on the royal person; so that had the examinations been at about the distance of fifteen feet from the wall these relics might have been discovered. Is not the title of "Court of King's Bench" probably derived from this identical marble bench? It is well known that our early kings sat in parliament in Westminster-Hall.

Leaving the ancient palace of Westminster, we shall again return to our remarks on the alterations and improvements in the streets, lanes, &c. in the vicinity of the Hall. The city of Westminster was so difficult of access previously to the erection of the present commodious bridge, and the streets were so narrow and dirty, and lined with so many wretched dwellings, as to cause the parliament to pass an act, in the reign of George II. for the purchase of all such tenements and places as stood in the way of improvement. For instance, they bought the ancient market place called the Round Wool-staple, which stood at the east end of the spot now called Bridge-street, on which the western abutment of the bridge was built, for which it appears they gave the sum of eight hundred and forty pounds. Some remains of the place where this staple was kept, and particularly an old stone gate fronting the Thames, were in being till the year 1741, when they were pulled down; and until this date the place retained its original name. Formerly the only coach road to the Houses of Parliament was through King-street and Union-street, which were in so miserable a state that faggots were thrown into the ruts on the days on which the king went to parliament, to render the passage of the state-coach more easy.

The Clock-tower, which stood on the north side of New Palace-yard, was taken down in 1715, and the noble bell which it contained, called *Great Tom* of Westminster, was purchased for St. Paul's cathedral; but on its way through Temple-bar it rolled off the carriage, whereby it was cracked, and rendered useless until it was recast. On the rim of the newly-cast bell an inscription intimates that it was brought from the *ruins* of Westminster.

The present St. Margaret's-street is formed out of St. Margaret's-lane, and a portion of the ground on which part of the palace originally stood. So extremely narrow was the old lane, that pales were obliged to be placed four feet high, between the foot-path and coach-road, to preserve the passengers from injury, and from being covered with the mud which was splashed on all sides in abundance. At the end of this lane, in Old Palace-yard, stood the ancient brick buildings called *Heaven* and *Purgatory*; within the premises of Purgatory was preserved the *Ducking-stool*, which was employed by the burgesses of Westminster for the punishment of *scolds*. The lady was strapped within a chair fastened by an iron pin, or pivot, at one end of a long pole, suspended on its middle by a lofty trestle, which having been previously placed on the shore of the river, allowed the body of the culprit to be plunged

"Hissing hot into the Thames."

When the fervor of her passion was supposed to have subsided by a few admonitory duckings, the lever was balanced by pulling a cord at the other end, and the dripping Xantippe was exposed to the ridicule of her neighbours.

CONTINUATION OF VOLTAIRE'S ZADIG.

In the Eleventh Number of our Magazine we inserted a chapter which had never been translated, from Voltaire's "Zadig, or Destiny," being the fourteenth chapter, entitled *The Dance*. The following chapter has likewise hitherto remained untranslated, it completes the work.—The story continues as follows:—

Zadig made use of part of it to send expresses to Babylon, who were to acquaint him with the fate of Astarte. He gave this order in a trembling voice, his blood re-flowed to his heart, his eyes waxed dim, his soul was ready to quit his body. The courier departed, Zadig saw him embark; he returned to the palace, seeing nobody, thinking he was in his own apartment, and pronouncing the word LOVE.—"Ah! love," said the king, "that is precisely the matter in question, you have guessed what troubles me. What a great man you are! I hope you will teach me how to find a woman proof against every tempta-

tion, as you have taught me to procure a disinterested treasurer." Zadig, who had recovered his senses, promised to serve him in love as he had done in finances, although it appeared still more difficult.

"My body and my heart—" said the king to Zadig. At these words the Babylonian could not help interrupting his majesty. "How kindly I take it," said he, "that you did not say my mind and my heart, for we hear nothing else in the conversations in Babylon; we see nothing but books which treat of mind and heart, by people who have neither; but, Sire, have the goodness to proceed. Nabussan continued thus: "My body and heart are destined to love,—the first of these two powers has reason to be satisfied. I have here a hundred women at my service, all beautiful, complaisant, anticipating, even voluptuous, or at least feigning to be so with me. My heart is not nearly so happy, I have had more than sufficient proofs that many caresses have been bestowed on the king of Serendib, and that Nabussan was very little minded. Not that I believe my women are unfaithful, but I wish to find a soul devoted to me; for such a treasure I would willingly give the hundred beauties whose charms I possess. See whether among these hundred Sultanas you can find one who really loves me."

Zadig answered as he had done about the financiers:—"Sire, let me have my own way; but, in the first place, permit me to dispose of treasures to the amount of those which were displayed in the corridor of temptation; I will give a good account of them, and you shall lose nothing." The king left him absolute master. He selected thirty-three little Humpbacks, the filthiest and most disgusting he could find; thirty-three of the most beautiful young Pages; and thirty-three of the most robust and eloquent Bonzes. They were all permitted to enter into the private cells of the Sultanas. Every one of the little Humpbacks had five thousand pieces of gold to give; and on the very first day all the Humpbacks were happy. The Pages, who had nothing to bestow but themselves, only triumphed at the end of two or three days. The Bonzes were put to a little more trouble, but at last thirty three devout ladies surrendered themselves. The king, who had beheld all these proofs without being seen, was astonished; of his hundred wives ninety-nine yielded before his face.

There remained one quite young and innocent, and whom the king had never approached. Three different Humpbacks were detached to her, who offered her as far as twenty-five thousand pieces of gold; she was incorruptible, and could not help laughing at the idea those Humpbacks must have had, of believing that money would render them better made. The two handsomest Pages were sent to her; she said she found the king handsomer. Then the most eloquent of the Bonzes was let loose on her, and after that the most intrepid; she looked on the first as a boasting babbler, and she would not even condescend to suspect the merit of the second.

"The heart does all," said she; "I shall never yield to the gold of a Humpback, the graces of a young man, or the seductions of a Bonze. I shall love only Nabussan, son of Nussanab, and I will wait till he deigns to love me."

The king was transported with joy, wonder, and tenderness. He took back all the money which had caused the Humpbacks to succeed, and made a present of the whole to the beautiful Falide, that was the name of the young lady. He gave her his heart, she richly deserved it; never was there a more brilliant flower of youth, never were the charms of beauty so enchanting. The truth of history permits us not to conceal that she made but an indifferent courtesy; but she danced like a Fairy, sung like a Siren, and talked like the Graces; she was full of talents and virtues.

Nabussan beloved and adored her; but her eyes were blue, which became the source of the greatest misfortunes. There was an ancient law which forbade kings to love any of those women whom the Greeks have since called *boopies*. The chief of the Bonzes had established that law above five thousand years ago; it was in order to appropriate unto himself the favourite mistress of the first king of Serendib, that this chief Bonze had made the anathema on blue eyes pass as a fundamental constitution of the state. All the orders of the kingdom came to make remonstrances to Nabussan. It was publicly said that the last days of the empire were come, that the abomination was at its height, that all nature was threatened with some sinister event; that, in a word, Nabussan, son of Nassunab, loved two large blue eyes. The Humpbacks, the Financiers, the Bonzes, and the Brunettes, filled the kingdom with their complaints.

The savage people who inhabit the northern parts of Serendib took advantage of this general discontent, and made an irruption into the states of the good Nabussan. He demanded subsidies from his subjects. The Bonzes, who possessed half the revenues of the state, were contented with raising their hands to heaven, and refused to put them in their coffers to assist the king. They sung prayers to beautiful music, and left the state a prey to the barbarians.

"O my dear Zadig, wilt thou deliver me from this terrible perplexity?" dolefully cried Nabussan. "Most willingly," answered Zadig; "you shall have as much money from the Bonzes as

you may require. Leave those lands on which their castles are situated to their fate, and only defend your own." Nabussan did so. The Bonzes came and cast themselves at the king's feet, and implored his assistance. The king answered them by a charming piece of music, of which the words were prayers to heaven for the preservation of their lands. The Bonzes at last parted with their money, and the king happily put an end to the war.

Thus Zadig by his sage and fortunate counsels, and by the greatest services, had drawn on himself the irreconcileable enmity of the most powerful men in the empire. The Bonzes and the Brunettes swore to ruin him; the Financiers and the Humpbacks did not spare him, they rendered him suspected by the good Nabussan. Services which have been performed often remain in the antechamber, and suspicions enter into the cabinet, according to the saying of Zoroaster; every day brought fresh accusations; the first is repelled, the second only grazes, the third wounds, and the fourth kills.

Zadig intimidated, who had successfully concluded the affairs of Setoc, and remitted his money, resolved to leave the island, and to go himself in search of Astarte; "for," said he, "if I remain in Serendib, the Bonzes will have me empaled; but whither shall I go? In Egypt I shall be a slave, in Arabia I shall probably be burnt, in Babylon strangled. However, I must know what is become of Astarte; I will set out and see for what my sad destiny has reserved me."

A TOUR IN ZEALAND IN THE YEAR 1802.

BY A NATIVE OF DENMARK.

[*Concluded from Page* 159.]

THE next morning we left Elsinore, taking the road which runs along the coast. On either side we beheld fishing towns, gentlemen's seats, farms, woods, grouping indiscriminately, and presenting a most beautiful contrast to the naked shores of Schonen. Having set out early, we enjoyed the pleasure of our walk with every additional satisfaction a fine morning could give it. By noon we reached Hirschholm, an insignificant hamlet, which derives its name from the adjacent palace, built by Christian VI. on the spot where his valiant Queen, by personal prowess, overcame a stag. The situation of this decaying palace is so low, that the roof is on a level with the high road. It affords a striking example of the singularity of that monarch, who impatiently sought the gratification of every trifling whim, or capricious humour. When I reflect on his reign, I cannot avoid smiling at the manner in which German travellers speak of his public works. By comparing the present state of Denmark with the days of Christian VI. who erected the Palace of Christiansborg without burdening his people with the expence, they studiously infer the inequality of our means, and loudly tell the world our state is on the decline. Nothing, however, but German sagacity could devise so empty a conjecture; and to their solicitude our country is indebted for many an assertion equally vague and unfounded.

When the question of Spanish succession agitated the various cabinets of Europe, in the lifetime of his father, Frederick the Fourth, 12000 Danish troops were taken into the pay of England and Holland, and 8000 into that of the Emperor. These men, animated by the glorious example of their sovereign, fought bravely, and gained the admiration not only of their allies, but of the world, to the immortal honour of their country.

We left Hirschholm for Dronninggaard, a villa belonging to the Counsellor of state, Mr. de Coninck. This gentleman gives tickets of admission for Wednesdays and Sundays, to any who wish to see his estate, which on various accounts deserves notice. We first visited the farm and inspected the cattle; a most excellent stock, constantly improving by his intercourse with England. In the park we found a purling brook, which we traced through a beautiful clump of trees into a valley, where an artificial hermitage stood, encompassed by a garden. We reclined, to enjoy the beauty of the retired scene. On a large oak were hung such implements of husbandry as might be necessary to the secluded life of the tenant of this interesting spot. Entering the cell, we observed every thing peculiar to the habitation. On the roof doves were perched, billing and cooing, which, contrasted with the notes of multifarious birds, aided our fancy, and, as it were, instantly transferred us to an impenetrable recess of unconstrained nature. At a little distance we perceived the source of the brook, covered by a grotto, in which a stone had an inscription from Ovid, alluding to the clearness of the stream.

In our ramble about these gardens we came to

a summer-house, built on a projecting point; it had this inscription, *Amicis Quieti.* The prospect hence, delighted us in the extreme.

We returned to our inn, and betook ourselves to rest. At eight we departed for Lyngbye, a cheerful village, indeed the first in the island. Its short distance of six miles from the metropolis has induced many persons of opulence to build country seats there and in the neighbourhood. But its pre-eminence as a village is not confined to this accidental circumstance, for its manufactures tend considerably to enhance its celebrity.

Before you enter this village from Fredericksdal, you pass a wood, with a glade of some extent. Here we observed a number of people lolling at their ease upon the grass, and partaking of various refreshments. It is usual with the middling classes who visit Jaegersborg Park in the holiday season, to go thither by way of Lyngbye, and, as every thing is very dear in the park, to take provisions for the day's consumption, and make their first meal on this glade.

On hearing music, which seemed to proceed from a hillock overgrown with trees, we ascended, and discovered an old man singing some German airs, which were accompanied with his guitar, and the voices of five ragged children. His face was deeply furrowed by woe, yet there appeared cheerfulness and resignation in his countenance. The object was too interesting not to excite curiosity. My friend kindly asked him the cause of his distress, when the poor man frankly told us, "That he formerly had been an opulent merchant at Amsterdam, where he was ruined by the French. That he came to Denmark with a wife and eight children, the elder of whom worked at a trade, by which himself and his little ones were preserved from starving. Their mother," he said, "died with grief." He paused, then feelingly closed his little narrative, not by venting curses on the authors of his ruin, but by a look and sigh that touched the heart, and called up every generous sentiment. Every one who listened felt for him, and each added a mite to alleviate his miseries.

Opposite the wood is a Royal seat called Sorgenfrie, belonging to Prince Frederick. It is extremely small, but presents itself with advantage from an avenue leading up to the rising ground on which it stands.

In the gardens, which are neatly laid out, a monument is erected to the memory of Princess Sophia Fredericka, the wife of the Prince. She died in the year 1794.

From Lyngbye we crossed the fields to Jaegersborg Park. At the entrance, on an eminence, is an inn, called the Fortune. A telegraph has also been erected there since the year 1801. From this height we saw Copenhagen for the first time since we left it. At some distance, in the valley below, is the country seat of the immortal Count Bernstorff.

In a valley at the extremity of an extensive plain, Raadvadsmoellen, a manufactory belonging to the company of hardwaremen, is established. The articles are scarely inferior to British; and manufactured in great abundance; importations from Birmingham, Sheffield, &c. are, however, essential to the demands of the country. This undertaking being carried on with considerable spirit, it cannot fail in time to prove highly beneficial. It already forms the most important of the British settlements in Denmark.

On our return from the manufactory, we stopped at the Hermitage, formerly a hunting palace, in the neighbourhood of which the deer are seen grazing in herds of from five to six hundred. The eminence on which the palace is built commands a fine view, of which the sea constitutes a considerable portion.

As we penetrated the forest an increasing noise and bustle gave us assurance that we approached the scene of general festivity and mirth.

Time has sanctioned the custom of visiting this wood every year, from St John's day to the Visitation of the Virgin. Tents for the accommodation of all classes are pitched on a longitudinal grass-plat, where every sort of refreshment may be had. A spring, discovered some centuries ago by a girl named Christina Piil, runs close by, and on an adjoining eminence a number of booths are erected. Here are a variety of amusements. Wild beasts from all parts of the globe, horsemanship, rope-dancing, sleight-of hand, waxwork, and even German dramas are exhibited. Kotzebue's play of "Misanthrope and Repentance," or, as it is called in England, "The Stranger," was announced by the bills. The celebrity of this piece, which is frequently acted at Copenhagen, induced us to visit the theatre, where we found an assemblage of persons who would have graced a better cause. The miserable appearance of the house was perfectly descriptive of the scene which followed, at once too despicable to merit or provoke criticism. Hence we repaired to the equestrian booth. This species of exhibition being unusual in Denmark, afforded me infinite amusement.

The next object that struck us was a diminutive French juggler, clad in a suit of crimson silk, his hair frizzed out in a full extravagance of ancient French fashion, and an enormous bag dangled half way down his back; with many polite shrugs he requested the passengers to walk in, and see his wonderful performances just about to begin. We obeyed his invitation, and took our seats. Shortly after, Monsieur made his

appearance, and with his most romantic gesticulations delivered a famous speech. He then proceeded to his sleight-of-hand tricks, which he performed with amazing dexterity. Among other things, he chopped off the heads of several chickens, and restored them. I rather wondered so able an artist could not find preferment in his own country.

The evening being far spent, we resolved not to waste any more time or money on shows, and therefore turning towards the green plat, mingled with the crowd which passed to and from the spring. All who visit the park make a point of tasting this water; its coolness and clearness are extremely agreeable. A box stands near the spring to receive the offerings of the charitable; and it is pleasing to add, that those who come to be happy themselves, do not forget others whom age, distress, or sickness has prevented from sharing in their pleasures; as the contributions annually received in this way are very considerable. We drank of the spring, and left the park by the way of Klampenborg Tavern, which leads along the sea shore.

At some little distance hence the Count Schimmelmann has a beautiful country seat, reared on an eminence, which rises above the spring of Emilia. The Count has erected a monument to the memory of his wife, and that it might be a symbol of his excessive grief, he caused the water to spout from an eye, on which account, the spring is vulgarly called, "The Weeping Eye." Trees, which almost now reach the summit of the mount, throw a shade over the spot, and benches are placed, in different positions, to invite repose or indulge contemplation.

Most persons, in their way to and from Copenhagen, halt at this interesting spot. A peasant maid attends to hand a cup of water to the passenger, who, while he rests a moment, is delighted with the prospect of the sea, which appears not many yards distant from his feet.

We next reached Ordrup, where we determined to pass the night. This village was almost wholly consumed by fire some years ago, and is now much improved by new buildings, which are chiefly gentlemen's seats. The next morning we turned into the avenue leading to Count Bernstorff's mansion, a very large, and certainly the most magnificent country residence in the island. It is built in a valley. Three sides of it are enveloped in romantic groves, but the front is entirely open, and presents itself most advantageously to a distant observer. A solemn stillness reigned around, without any other interruption than the occasional melody of birds within the grove, which gave a contemplative charm to the scene, and made it perfectly enchanting. I viewed it feelingly, it was the haven of a pilot who had weathered many a storm in rendering services to his country, and left behind him an example worthy the imitation of the most exalted characters.

At some little distance from this seat of Count Bernstorff, is the Hamlet of Jaegersborg. The hunting box which stood on this spot has been demolished, and barracks built in its room for the hussar recruits who are drilled here. It was the hour of exercise when we approached. Although they appeared awkwardly to perform the new difficult manœuvres lately introduced into the cavalry service, still, with some patience on the part of the officers they may in time become expert.

With the abolition of German troops, we have lost German habits, and it is no longer the fashion to make men soldiers by flogging them. Having no Germans to run away, desertion, formerly so frequent, is now little known. The perpetual punishments were offensive to all who felt for their fellow-creatures, and the new system naturally gives satisfaction.

The bad habits of these vagabonds were communicated like a plague among our native soldiers, and thus, not only the name, but the profession, became contemptible. The national character, therefore, demanded a reform; no foreigner in future, can serve in our army. Natives, subject to be enrolled as soldiers, are to serve for six years only, instead of eight; the two first on garrison duty, and for the remainder of their time, they are only to pass one month of the year at Copenhagen, for the purpose of exercise; and this without prejudice to their regular pay, bread, and quarters; they are, besides allowed five dollars per head, yearly, for marching money.

A method has been adopted throughout the army, much more likely to improve a soldier than the lash. Premiums are distributed to the deserving; emulation, consequently, inspires all to aim at the prize, and in such a competition none can lag far behind.

We returned from Jaegersborg, and came to the village of Gientofte, which slopes down the banks of a lake. There are few farmers in this place, the houses chiefly belonging to citizens.

The appearance of this part of the country strongly marks the beneficial exertions of the first Count Bernstorff. The grateful peasants, many years ago, erected a plain marble monument by the high road in honour of the Count.

Not far from the high road, on the banks of a lake, are the remains of the village of Emdrup,

now reduced to two farms, the other peasants having moved to the fields assigned to them. When I speak of this village, it recalls the enjoyment of my boyish days; hard by lives a peasant on whose farm I was accustomed when at school gladly to pass my holydays. When the dreadful conflagration of Copenhagen, in the year 1795, destroyed nine hundred and forty-three houses, this man (as did all the peasants of the neighbourhood), repaired with his waggon to the city, that he might assist in saving the property of the inhabitants. While selfish minds were employed in forming schemes for turning the misfortunes of others to their own advantage, my honest friend was actuated by very opposite motives. He was employed to move the goods of one of our favourite masters, and agreed for a small sum; but although he did much more than he had stipulated for, it was impossible to force any additional reward upon him.

To this peasant's instruction I am indebted for whatever I may know of the rural pursuits of my country; his judgment, opportunities, and perseverance, permitting him to cultivate his lands on a superior plan.

Not having as yet visited a regular farm, my friend gladly acceded to my proposal of making a visit to one where I was sure to meet a hearty welcome. We found our host at home, and soon engaged him to shew us his fields, which contained upwards of sixty acres, all inclosed with living fences, and presenting a most gratifying proof of the industry of their owner. Which ever way we turned, no waste spot was discernible. Rye, barley, oats, pease, tares, and potatoes waved without intermission over the exuberant soil; while in other fields the abundant clover almost overtopped the sportive lambs which frisked around their dams, tethered with long ropes to the ground.

The peasants at a short distance from the city find considerable advantage in its vicinity; but it likewise teems with ills, by teaching them luxury. The peasant who goes to town for a waggon load of manure, generally returns with a little store of coffee and gin; and custom has already made these articles essential to the domestic establishment of a rustic family. Nor is this the only evil.—They neglect altogether the cultivation of their gardens for the more advantageous, and less toilsome, produce of the fields. It is quite a phenomenon to see a garden occupy an acre at any farm within a few miles of Copenhagen. My friend's garden was not better than those of his neighbours; it scarcely occupied half an acre, and its chief boast was twenty or thirty hives of bees, in the management of which he was particularly skilful.

Notwithstanding the evident superiority of my host's management, I think he excelled in theory. He was, it is true, born a peasant; but he had rubbed off much of his original roughness, and was above being guided by custom or prejudice. His judgment was improved by a store of reading, which placed him far above his equals in life. He took great pleasure in study, and whenever he had a leisure hour, he employed it in perusing such authors as might yield him solid information. Nor did he confine his knowledge to reading; the study of mankind he found equally necessary; and so happily did he apply his talents, that he was a rational and pleasing companion on any subject. Sometimes, indeed, I have heard him acquit himself in a manner that would not have disgraced a professed scholar. He was a politician too, but with one very rare talent, no warmth of argument prevented him from discriminating when to persist and when to be silent. He never fatigued his hearers.

When I reflect on the pleasures I have here partaken in the early part of my life, I grieve to think those happy days are past, never to return; I love to dwell on the remembrance of what I then enjoyed; my claims were small and soon answered; but I have since found, that the more our choice of pleasure expands, the less deep is the stream. My friend's good humour always enlivened mine; his jokes appeared to me the soul of wit, and his honest hospitality in my mind surpassed all the refinements of polished breeding.

We continued with him till Sunday, when he drove us to church. We passed Soeborg lake, which supplies the city with water, and reached Broenshoey.

My friend took it into his head to return to Copenhagen by sea; we therefore crossed the fields down to the Lime-kiln, where we hired a boat. Just as we were passing the most remarkable field about Copenhagen, I begged him to accompany me a few paces out of the way, that I might shew him something worthy his observation. Immediately on the shore stands a small stone with this inscription, *Justitz-Stedet* (Place of Justice), the sight of which cannot fail to excite agreeable sensations, when we consider how seldom it is frequented. The last execution took place in the year 1797. I shall not turn casuist on this occasion; whatever the cause, effects combine to render this stone an honourable monument of the national character.

SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

[*Concluded from Page* 135.]

The first glance our hero had of Mrs. Jones disconcerted him, and made him forget what he proposed saying to her. She was a very tall woman, of about forty; her face was still sufficiently handsome to inform the beholder that she must have been once very beautiful; but it was a kind of beauty that even in its zenith could never have touched the heart; at least Sir Edward thought so, as it seemed totally devoid of feminine grace. The bold expression of her large black eyes, her deportment, her voice, all combined to inspire a certain dread, totally bereft of respect.

After having received our hero with frigid politeness, she listened in silence to the purport of his visit. He then proceeded to tell her that being named by Mr. Clements as his universal legatee, and being acquainted with the lively interest his benefactor felt in her niece's welfare, he thought he only fulfilled a sacred duty in offering to share with her the property of their mutual friend. He added, that the interest of the said sum should be regularly paid her, and that on the day of her marriage she should receive the principal.

After having finished, not without some difficulty, this unpleasant explanation, and having blushed when pronouncing the appellation of aunt or niece, while Mrs. Jones remained undaunted, Sir Edward ceased speaking, much astonished at the little effect his words had produced; and was answered in the following manner:—

" I do not comprehend," said she, with an air of supercilious gravity, " how you, Sir, who have received such positive proofs of Mr. Clements' confidence and affection, can be ignorant of the project which occupied him for several years previous to his death, and which I have heard him speak of a thousand times. My niece was intended for you; it was you whom he had selected for her husband. The very last time we met, he entertained me with the many advantages you would derive from him, if you agreed to this marriage, and on this account solely has he bestowed his fortune upon you. Permit me, then, Sir, before I reply to your proposal, to ask whether you, whose sincerity I confide in, are not acquainted with your benefactor's intention?"

Saying these words, she fixed her penetrating eyes on Sir Edward, who, in reply, presented her with a copy of the will, which he had had the precaution of bringing with him, to convince Mrs. Jones that no conditions was annexed to the bequest. The aversion he had to uttering an untruth prevented him from making any other answer. But the wily aunt knew how to interpret his looks; and after having read the paper returned it to him, saying, " that she saw plainly that her niece had no right either to his possessions or his hand; but in this case," she continued, " you have no right to humiliate us by your gifts. I refuse it in the name of my niece, certain of its meeting with her concurrence. She ought not, nor can she receive presents from any one but a husband. If you agree to be her benefactor on these terms, I think your conscience will not be less tranquil; and if, on the contrary, you do not, I think a longer interview useless."

Vexed by these words, our hero knew not how to reply. After a few moment's silence, Mrs. Jones arose, and courtesying, left the room.

Sir Edward now thought it high time to depart, and choose another spot to meditate on the strange manner his proposals had been received. He regained his carriage, and proceeded to Oxford, which was about two miles off, and stopped at the first inn he met with, for the purpose of writing to Mrs. Jones. He told her that being totally unknown to her niece, it was impossible she could feel any affection for him; that it was more than probable that either Miss Jones or himself had ere now made another choice; and admitting that to be the case, an union could only be productive of unhappiness. He in the most delicate terms represented to her the wish he had of serving Miss Jones, renewed his former offer, and begged to be allowed to call the next day to hear Mrs. Jones's final determination.

This letter was immediately dispatched, but it did not prevent our hero from passing a sleepless night. This woman, thought he, is certainly in possession of my secret; if she persist in her refusal, what will she not say of me? Her residence so near Oxford, my adventure will be spoken of; calumny will put forth her voice; and all the students will regard me as a man void

of faith, probity, or gratitude, and will disseminate this opinion wherever they go. I shall be dishonoured and defamed throughout the kingdom; I shall not dare to appear in society; and shall, in the end, die in despair, because an obstinate woman will not consent to receive from me five thousand a year."

The following day was spent in similar reflections. Sir Edward waited for the evening to pay his visit, hoping that the longer time he gave Mrs. Jones, the more likely she would be to comply with his request. As soon as the sun had set, he ascended his carriage; but before he reached his destination, the fineness of the evening induced him to proceed on foot to the Priory.

Rather agitated, he entered the grounds; when, as he passed beside a summer-house at some distance from the mansion, he heard a female voice, whose tones were so sweetly plaintive, that he could not withstand the temptation of listening to the whole of the following well known ballad:—

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at
hame,
And all the weary warld asleep is gane,
The waes o' my heart fall in showers frae my eye,
While my gude man sleeps sound by me.

Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naithing else beside;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went
to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been gone a year and a day,
When my faither brake his arm, and our cow
was stole away;
My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My faither cou'd nae wark, and my mither cou'd
nae spin,
I toil'd the day and night, but their bread I cou'd
nae win;
Auld Robin fed 'em beith, and wi' tears in his eye,
Said, Jenny, for their sake, O pray marry me.

My heart it fast heav'd, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a
wrack.
His ship was a wrack; why did not Jeany die?
And why was she spar'd to cry, wae is me?

My faither urg'd me fair, but my mither did nae
speak,
But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like
to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was
in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray was gude man to me.

I had nae been a wife but weeks only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw Jamie's ghaist, for I cou'd not think it he,
Till he said—"Love, I am come to marry thee!"

Sair, sair, did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but one kiss, and we tore oursels away;
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to be,
O why was I born to say, wae is me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin;
I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that wou'd be
a sin:
But I'll do my best a gude wife for to be,
For auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

During this time, Sir Edward had remained stationary at the side of the summer-house; but as soon as the voice ceased he advanced towards the entrance, and found himself before a female figure, whom he conjectured to be Frances, as the darkness would not allow him to recognize her features. She was alone, and held her handkerchief in her hand, as if she had been weeping. On perceiving Sir Edward, she arose and came to meet him, saying, in mournful accents, "Is it thus, Henry, you obey my commands? I wrote to you twice this morning, to entreat you not to venture here; I related to you the violent scenes which I daily endure with my aunt, and the resolution which she still persists in, of marrying me to Mr. Clements' odious cousin, whom I believe to be at this very moment in the house. I once more repeat to you, Henry, that I will rather die than be faithless to my promise; but on my side I entreat you to return instantly to Oxford, and not on any account appear here again until this fatal marriage is broken off, and that Sir Edward, whom I hope soon to disgust by my hatred and contempt, has left this place."

In speaking thus, Frances had slowly approached our hero, whose face had been totally obscured by the overhanging of a willow; and as this was the spot where she usually met her lover, and that his figure greatly resembled Sir Edward's, her mistake was perfectly natural. But now discovering his features, she screamed aloud, and precipitately fled.

Our hero had no great desire of following her. More astonished than vexed at this adventure, he balanced whether he should now solicit an interview with Mrs. Jones. The fear of embarrassing the afflicted Frances by his presence, and of causing a new quarrel between the aunt and niece, added to the extreme repugnance he felt at having any point to discuss with the former, determined him to return immediately to Oxford.

On his arrival there, he addressed a second letter to the Priory, apologizing for not having

kept his appointment, alledging that some urgent business had unexpectedly required his immediate presence in London; and that as she was already well acquainted with his wishes and sentiments, the proposed interview would have been useless, as he was irrevocably fixed in his determination, and no power on earth could make him alter it. He concluded by saying, that he should expect her answer in a few days. Impatient to rejoin Mrs. Harley, and his mind greatly tranquillized by the late transaction, he immediately set out for London.

He was very desirous of returning to her, as independent of the pain he experienced at being separated from the object of his love, he had been severely vexed, and wished to enjoy her soothing advice. Those who possess an affectionate heart, added to a mild disposition, can appreciate better than any other the happiness of being beloved.

The amiable widow approved our hero's conduct, and advised him to wait patiently for Mrs. Jones's answer. The praises she bestowed on him, and the kindness of his reception, calmed his uneasiness, and afforded him more real consolation than any other thing in the world could have done. He spent the whole of the day in Grosvenor-street, and at night departed to visit his old friend Mr. Harley. His design was to inform him of the result of his journey, and of the affair of the summer-house; and also to ask him, whether he was still of opinion that he ought to marry a young woman who was so tenderly attached to another. The old gentleman was not at home, and our hero resolved to await his return at a neighbouring coffee-house. He called for a glass of punch, and seated himself at a table where there were two young men, one of whom was entertaining the other with a newspaper, which he read sufficiently loud for Sir Edward to distinctly hear every word.

What did our poor hero feel at listening to a circumstantial account of his own recent adventures? The occurrence was related in a very facetious style: it mentioned the embarrassing situation Sir Edward Seymour found himself in since he had had the severe affliction of inheriting a large fortune, of the many consultations he had solicited in London to discover some means of escaping so severe a misfortune. It also added, that he had undertaken a journey to Oxford for the sole purpose of asking the advice of Dr. —, and several others, to whose wisdom he paid great deference. All this was accompanied with the writer's reflections, and many ill-natured personalities, the only weapons of fools and rascals, which this kind of satire is composed of, and is as easy as it is despicable.

Words are inadequate to express the feelings of Sir Edward on hearing the above. He cast a fearful glance around him, trembling lest he should recognize an acquaintance. Somewhat relieved in seeing none but strange faces, he prepared to depart, when suddenly he saw his servant enter accompanied by a very elegant young man. The servant retired after having presented his master to the stranger, who, hastily approaching our hero, said in a loud voice, and with much haughtiness, "I presume you are Sir Edward Seymour."

At the sound of his name, all those who had read the above-mentioned paragraph, fixed their eyes on our hero, who, ready to expire with vexation, at being thus the object of impertinent curiosity, could almost have wished to disown his name; but this being impracticable, he answered in the affirmative. "By G—d I am glad I have met you at last," replied the stranger, "for I have followed you with great impatience all the way from Oxford "—"You are not known to me, Sir; pray what are your commands?"—"You will soon be made acquainted with them, I——." "If we were to go out we should be more conveniently situated."—"Not in the least, for it rains. Besides, as you may have perceived, I have no secrets to impart; you shall learn my business in a moment. I for a long time have been attached to a young and lovely lady in the neighbourhood of Oxford, but her aunt wishes to bestow her on a friend of your's, whom, not a very honourable chance has made heir to a large fortune, to which he had not the smallest right. I am not fond of heirs, Sir; I have an antipathy towards them which I have never been able to conquer; and I would wish to tell the person in question the cause of my dislike.—Could not you procure me an interview with him?"—"Nothing easier, the heir you speak of is very partial to interviews; and if you will follow me, you shall have satisfaction this instant." "No, not at present, it is dark, and I like to transact business by day-light. To-morrow morning, if it suits you."—"Perfectly so, whenever you please, Sir."—"Give me your hand upon it, Sir Edward; I am better pleased with you than I expected to be. You will then, I trust, be punctual."—"You may depend on my word." "Will you allow me to taste your punch, for I am very thirsty?" "Willingly." "Your health, Sir!"—The stranger, or rather, as our readers have probably ere this discovered, Miss Jones's Henry, finished our hero's punch, agreed in a whisper to meet in Hyde-Park at five, and instantly departed.

Sir Edward soon followed his example. His first care was to procure a friend to act as his second; he afterwards returned home, less occupied with the duel than with what the world

would say of him. The quarrel has taken place in public, thought he, and every body will learn that I am going to fight for a young lady in Oxfordshire. It will be reported that I am faithless to my Eliza, and every honest heart will despise me. What will Eliza herself think? If I should fall, she will believe me unworthy of being regretted. If I kill my adversary, I must fly, and never see her more, and renounce a heart justly irritated against me. It is very extraordinary that, not having committed the smallest fault, which the most rigid morality, or the most refined affection could reproach me with, I see myself on the point of losing my Eliza, my own life, and the esteem of the whole universe! But I will write to Mrs. Harley—if I fall, my letter will unveil my conduct; if I conquer, she may perhaps pardon me.

Sir Edward began immediately his epistle; but scarcely had he sat down when he heard a noise on the staircase, and recognized the voice of Mr. Harley. Our hero opened the door to meet him; but scarcely had the old gentleman perceived him, than, terrified and breathless, he rushed into his arms, exclaiming, "Save me, my friend! 'tis in your power to restore me to life. I have just learned that to-morrow—" "Do not speak so loud," interrupted Sir Edward, shutting the door. "What has happened that can have agitated you in this manner?"— "What has happened?" rejoined Mr. Harley, "Why I am the most miserable of men. Answer me quickly: is it true, that to-night in a coffee-house —." "Yes, it is but too true. A mad-brained fool, whom I never before saw, has followed me from Oxford, for the express purpose of picking a quarrel with me. He says, he is the lover of Frances, Mrs. Jones's daughter, whom you were so desirous that I should marry. I have most assuredly no wish of disputing with him on her account, and even I have had proofs that she loves him. The insult was public, and cannot be remedied; but to-morrow I hope to correct this young madman."—"To correct him! that is to say, to kill him! And do you know who this young man is?"—"I have just told you that he is Miss Jones's lover."

"It is my son! my dear son! the only child of your best friend! whom you hope to dispatch to-morrow! Sir Edward, I esteem you too much to believe it necessary to tell you, that in this affair that mistaken notion of honour, which we have inherited of our ferocious forefathers, is no longer in question. Your valour is well known, and can never be suspected; and you would be the worst of men, were you capable of sacrificing, to a detestable and horrid prejudice, love, friendship, religion, the respect due to my age, to the name of father, and to every tie of affection, which even savages would hold sacred."

Sir Edward remained motionless; struck with surprise, terror, and dismay. "You do not answer me," continued the old man, with the animation of grief; "you hesitate in giving me your word that you will not dye your hand with the blood of my child, that you will not rob me of my only remaining support! What! a father, an aged man, your friend, the brother of your betrothed wife, supplicates you, with tears, not to commit a crime which would rob him of life; and you hesitate, O Seymour! Great God! this then is virtue! The man who would not, to save his life, his mistress, his honour, consent to injure any mortal, to deprive them of the smallest advantage, that man, for an erroneous point of honour, for an execrable prejudice, atrocious, ridiculous, which he even abhors, does not scruple to deprive his friend, an old man, a father, of his son, his only son, of all he values in the world, of all he holds precious, of the only gift which, coming from the Almighty, ought to be deemed sacred by his creatures; and this man, this murderer, wishes to be respected!— In the name of Heaven, Sir Edward, listen to me; Henry, you say, has challenged you, has publicly insulted you: well, I am come to beg your pardon; and if this does not satisfy your barbarous honour, lead me wherever you please, tell me any spot in London where you would wish me to appear, to entreat your pardon, as I now do, embracing your knees, bathing them with my tears, sweeping the ground with these white locks, for which you feel no compassion."

Saying these words, the old man fell at our hero's feet, who had hitherto listened to him in silence. He hastened to raise him, to fold him in his arms; and when his emotion would permit him to speak, "My dear friend," said he, "be assured, be very certain, that I do all that is in my power, when I give you my word of honour, that I will not attack the life of your son: confide in this promise. But I in my turn require a favour of you. Do not interfere in this affair; your cares, your reasonings, your measures, can only prove detrimental. Do not mention the subject to Henry, do not seek to meet him, or to follow him; remain quietly at home until to-morrow morning at seven, then return here; you will, I trust, find me, and you may assist to reconcile us. If, on the contrary, you should not see me, you will take this letter, which you will find on my desk, to Mrs. Harley, it will inform you of all that I have done. Do not exact any thing more of me. At all events, I pledge my word that your son will be in no danger; but if you take any other measures, my

promise is no longer valid. Farewell, my dear Mr. Harley: I believe, I dare venture to affirm, that you will be satisfied with my conduct. It is past twelve o'clock, allow my servant to accompany you home, and leave me to enjoy a few hours rest, which I am greatly in need of."

The old gentleman, struck with the calm and dignified air with which Sir Edward spoke, affectionately pressing his hand, promised to do all he desired; and left our hero at full liberty to conclude his letter. Seymour related all the events of the evening; and after having taken an affectionate leave of Mrs. Harley, he swore that even in death she would be dear to him, and that his last breath should articulate her name. After having sealed his letter, somewhat more composed, he laid himself on his bed to await the hour of appointment.

At four o'clock he arose, and taking his pistols repaired to the house of the friend who had promised to be his second, and before five arrived in Hyde-Park. Henry Harley was already there.—The seconds measured the ground; and young Harley, who understood nothing of the rules of duelling, consented, at the desire of our hero, to fire the first shot. It passed through Sir Edward's hat, and threw it off his head at some distance. Our hero coolly took it up, and replacing it took aim at a young tree which stood at some distance from his antagonist, and pulling the trigger of his pistol, split asunder its feeble stem. "You may now repeat your fire," said he to the astonished Henry.

"I do not understand you, Sir," answered the youth, "explain yourself. Why do you refuse returning my fire? Be assured that I deem your generosity an affront; treat me in the manner I have acted by you, or explain your strange behaviour."—"I prefer the latter to the former," replied Sir Edward, approaching him. "You are the son of my friend, Mr. Harley, for whom I have long entertained the liveliest esteem; far from wishing to attempt your life, I would willingly expose my own to defend it. You came to provoke me, to insult me, to prevent my marrying a young lady, whom I had previously, before her aunt, formally refused. Honour compelled me not to refuse your challenge; honour required that I should expose my life; but it does not command me to attack yours. I am not angry with you; I have no cause to dislike you. But the prejudices of my country forced me to sacrifice my cool judgment to your folly, to your passion. If your breast still harbours resentment, we will begin again; then, if you miss me a second time, I will again repeat to you, that I have no greater desire of wedding Miss Jones than I have of terminating the days of my old friend's son. I have now given you an explanation of my conduct; decide upon it, and tell me what you mean to do."

"To entreat your forgiveness, Sir," answered young Harley, "to supplicate you, before these gentlemen, to make my inexperience plead my excuse: love and youth had bewildered my imagination. Your noble conduct makes me blush for my errors. Accept my most sincere apologies, Sir Edward; and if my repentance, and the advantage you possess over me, is not sufficient to make you forget my offence, pronounce yourself the reparation you require, and I will cheerfully submit to it."

Our hero now turned to the seconds, who had already put the pistols into their pockets. "Gentlemen," said he, "are you satisfied?" Perfectly so, was the reply. "Well, then, I make you the guarantees of the promise I have just received from Mr. Harley; he has entreated me to name the reparation I require. This is it. The newspapers have doubtless informed you of the particulars of Mr. Clements' will, and of my perplexity with respect to Miss Jones. The young lady's aunt has refused the offer I made, of dividing the fortune left me with her niece, alledging that Miss Jones could not receive a gift from any one but a husband. I ask Mr. Henry Harley to become that husband; and the reparation I require for the insult I have received is, that he will receive from me five thousand a year, which I vainly offered to his Frances."

Young Harley, overcome by our hero's generosity, could only answer him by affectionately pressing his offered hand. The seconds warmly applauded Sir Edward's conduct, and they all hastened to his house, where they found Mr. Harley, senior, who anxiously expected them. Henry told him all that had passed; and the worthy old man shed tears of joy. His mind was so softened by what he had endured, that for the first time in his life he contradicted no one; and willingly consented to Sir Edward's offer.

Our hero left them to fly to Grosvenor-street. He found Mrs. Harley at home, who had heard nothing of the duel, but was greatly affected at the relation of it. As nothing now remained to prevent the union of our lovers, their wedding-day was fixed; and in a week Sir Edward became the happy husband of his Eliza. Old Mr. Harley departed for Oxford, to employ his oratorial powers to persuade Mrs. Jones to consent to the marriage of his son with Frances; and for once his eloquence was crowned with success. On his informing her that Sir Edward's hand was no longer free, she willingly consented, and soon Henry and Frances were

united. A close intimacy has ever subsisted between the two families, notwithstanding the frequent arguments of Mr. Harley, senior, and Sir Edward, who, however, now acknowledges, that in some circumstances, it is rather difficult to please every body. E. R.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 31.]

CHAP. XIII.

On the beauty of the Skin.

THE beauty of the skin contributes in so astonishing a manner to beauty in general, that many women who are deemed very handsome, possess no other advantage than that of a beautiful skin. Accordingly it is upon this essential part that women bestow in preference the most assiduous care. The greatest part of cosmetics have no other object than to preserve all the perfections, or to repair the defects of the skin.

A white skin, slightly tinged with carnation, soft and smooth to the touch, is what we commonly call a fine skin. Such was the skin of Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV.; it was so delicate that no cambric could be found fine enough to make her chemises. Cardinal Mazarine used to tell her, that if she went to hell, she should be condemned to suffer no other punishment than to lie in Holland sheets.

The skin seldom possesses all the qualities requisite for its perfection, and when it does, various causes, external and internal, daily contribute to deprive it of them.

In fact, the skin by its numerous relations with most of the internal organs, undergoes various kinds of alterations according to the different dispositions of those organs. It is seen alternately to lose its lustre, to become pale, yellow, brown, sun-burnt, greenish, purple, according to the different states of certain parts of the system.

The apparent state of the skin depends, therefore, in a great measure on the state of the internal organs; accordingly, in our climate, carnation may be regarded as the true thermometer of the state of health. I say in our climate, where the whiteness of the skin renders the most delicate shades infinitely more perceptible.—Thus a fresh and blooming tint, rosy lips, a lively and sparking eye, are indications of good health. But if the complexion is pale, livid or lead-coloured; if the eye is languid; if the lips are deprived of that charming coral hue, it may then be affirmed that the functions are deranged, that health is impaired.

External causes are not less injurious to the beauty of the skin; and their influence is so much the more powerful as it is continually acting, and gradually destroys it, as water falling drop by drop will at length wear a hole in a rock.

The external causes which are incessantly concurring to destroy the beauty of the skin, are principally the air, the heat of the climate, and light. These three causes combined contribute to deprive it of that whiteness, that lustre, that polish, that delicacy, that softness, which enchant and delight us in more than one way. Every body knows what a difference there is between the parts of this organ which are continually covered, and those that are constantly exposed to the contact of the air and light.

It was in conformity with this incontestable truth that the first cosmetics were composed. They consisted, as we shall see in another place, of different kinds of pastes, applied at night to the face and removed the next morning. By this expedient, the ancients found means to skreen during that interval the parts, the delicacy of which they were desirous of preserving, from the influence of external causes.

The ancients certainly acted agreeably to an incontestible theory; but their practice was attended with some inconveniencies, so that it was found necessary to have recourse to other means. Nevertheless, the Venetian ladies, so celebrated for the admirable beauty of their complexion, still make use of a paste composed of flour and white of eggs; this they mould into a kind of mask, which they put on the face at night; thus renewing the custom which the ancients have recorded as practised by the courtezan Poppæ, and which the French historians inform us was used by the effeminate Henry III. of France.

An eminent physician, De Senac, was of opinion that women would always retain a youthful

face, if they could preserve the rotundity of youth, which produces white by the tension of the skin, and red by the fullness of the blood-vessels. Colours artificially applied, and paints of all sorts, are but wretched imitations of what ought to be; and De Senac discovered a method of obtaining in reality that effect which paints produce only in appearance. "It is necessary," said he, "to prevent the perspiration of the face; by these means a happy obstruction of lymph and blood will take place in the small vessels, and the skin will be kept more stretched. There will be white, red, and no wrinkles; and who can wish for any thing more? Now," continued he, "oil prevents perspiration; nothing more is necessary than to rub it upon the face, or to apply to the latter only such drugs of which oil forms the basis, and not plasters, which by drying it, render it still more wrinkled than before."

The opinion of this physician is just in more than one respect. It is certain that nothing contributes more to the beauty of the skin than to retain in it the products of insensible perspiration; but yet the method which he recommends does not fulfil all the conditions, and is not adapted to all cases; nay, there are even women whose skin would rather be injured than embellished with oil. We may go still further, and assert that oily applications, properly so called, would sometimes prove pernicious, and would always produce the effect which De Senac expected of them.

It is true, that by the application of unctuous cosmetics, we counteract as much as possible the effect of the exterior causes that destroy the beauty of the complexion and the delicacy of the skin. But there are, as I have already observed, other causes, and it is unnecessary to remark, that this medium would be absolutely nugatory when interior causes impair beauty. What benefit can be derived from topical applications, for instance, when the defects of the skin depend on a derangement of the stomach, or a diseased liver, or an affection of the lungs, or the interruption of some secretion? It is not to exterior applications but to a skilful physician that recourse ought to be had, and when all the functions have returned to their natural course, the skin will resume its original freshness and lustre. It is therefore to internal causes that we ought first to direct our attention; and the first step towards recalling beauty, is to restore health.

Whiteness is one of the qualities which it is requisite for the skin to possess, before it can be called beautiful. In this point, the taste of the ancients correspond with ours; they held whiteness of the skin in such estimation, that they regarded this quality as the distinguishing characteristic beauty. The name of Venus, the goddess of beauty, is explained by the Celto-Breton primitive *ven*, which signifies *white*, as we are informed by La Tour d'Auvergne Carret, in his work entitled *Des Origines Gauloises*.

I have observed that many causes may injure the whiteness of the skin, and that the air in particular is the natural enemy of the lilies of a beautiful complexion; but unfortunately for our handsome women, it is not the only enemy. A laborious life, or excess in pleasure; too much sleep, or too frequent watchings; too intense application, or the languor of a life of indolence and apathy; melancholy and violent passions, grief, fear, anxiety or hatred, are all prejudicial to the beauty of the skin, tarnish its lustre, and efface or alter its colours. On the contrary, a life of prudence and regularity; easy and varied occupations; benevolent, exalted and generous affections; the exercise of virtue, and that inward satisfaction which is its most valuable reward; such are the causes that preserve the flexibility of the organs, the free circulation of the humours, and a perfect state of all the functions whence result both health and beauty.

The diet also has a very great influence upon the colour of the skin. Buffon has observed that the delicate complexion and happy physiognomy of the nobility and most persons of the higher classes, are partly owing to the aliments they use. It has been remarked, for instance, that the use of barley-bread renders the skin more pale, and that persons who are in the habit of eating salt and dried provisions, seldom have a fine complexion. I have found in the works of physicians various observations which confirm the opinion of Buffon, but it is not my intention to swell out this chapter with them.

Water has not a less influence on the beauty of the carnation, and an accurate judgment of the quality of the water of a district may be formed by merely consulting the complexion of the inhabitants. It is therefore of considerable importance with respect also to beauty, to make use only of wholesome water.

The liver, according to physicians, has the most direct relations with the skin, as is demonstrated likewise by facts. Hypochondriac affections give the cutaneous surface a dull, brownish colour: in consequence of the bite of a viper an unctuous bile flows toward the skin. The complexion of the bilious is always distinguished by a yellowish colour; in persons of that constitution acrid, cutanous diseases are more frequent; sometimes the St. Anthony's fire is seen to accompany fevers of a bilious nature, and general and critical eruptions to succeed obstinate quartan fevers.

All these facts, to which might be added many more, clearly demonstrate not only that the acrid and chronical maladies of the skin proceed from

diseases of the bile and liver, but that the complexion itself depends in a great measure on the action of that viscus.

It must therefore be obvious that it would be unavailing to endeavour to counteract certain defects of the complexion, and especially its yellow or brown colour, by means of cosmetics, for these recourse must be had to internal remedies.

In my opinion the frequent use of martials would be found highly efficacious in producing a fine complexion; but this I give merely as a conjecure. I have not yet made any experiment on the subject, but I intend to do so on some female of a brown complexion who may happen to be tired of her colour. Let us now proceed to the methods that have been long known, practised, and recommended.

The infusion of hyssop has been highly extolled, and it is likewise said that onions, when eaten, give very beautiful tints to the complexion. Le Camus recommends an hepatic salt, which he says, is highly efficacious either for preserving a fine complexion or acquiring beautiful colours. Its composition is as follows:

"Take roots of agrimony, two pounds; roots of chicory and scorzonera of each one pound; bitter costus, eryngium, Indian saffron, of each half a pound; calamus aromaticus, rapontic, southern-wood, hemp-agrimony, scolopendra, veronica, common hepatica, fumitory, cuscuta, of each three ounces. Calcine the whole in a reverberatory furnace; then add ashes of rhubarb and of cassia lignea, of each an ounce and a half; lixiviate the whole with a decoction of the flowers of hepatica, and extract the salt by the usual process. This salt causes the bile to flow away, cures the jaundice, and gives the skin a pleasing carnation tint. The proper dose of this salt is from twenty-four to thirty-six grains in any suitable vehicle."

With respect to the means that counteract with success the external causes destructive of the beauty of the skin, they form a numerous class, composed of the cosmetics, properly so called. In the next chapter we shall give the most efficacious of these. At present I shall add but a few words on a method advised by some persons. It is said that nothing tends to whiten the skin so much as walking abroad in the cool of the evening, especially near water. This may be possible; but is not the humidity of evening productive of ill consequences, which would make those pay very dear who would purchase a fine skin at that rate, especially since it is an advantage that may be procured in so many other ways? For my part I think the practice dangerous in our climate, and with the light costume of our ladies. All the physicians will not be of my opinion; we have doctors who enter into accommodations with the ladies as the Tartuffe did with heaven, but those who possess any integrity will give me their support. This reminds me of a discussion which took place on this subject when the ladies began to frequent in the evening the *Pont des Arts* at Paris. A physician inserted in the *Journal de Paris* some observations on the insalubrity of the practice of walking in the evening immediately over the bed of the river. In the present age, as in that of La Fontaine, we have physicians *tant-pis*, as well as physicians *tant-mieux*. These gentlemen never did and never will agree; discord is the essence, I will not say of their art, but of their profession. Now the physician of whom I am speaking, was the physician *tant-pis*. He would have alarmed the fair sex if any thing can alarm them when intent on the gratification of any new whim. A few days afterwards, however, a more complaisant doctor, the physician *tant-mieux*, undertook to pacify the fears of our handsome women. He therefore inserted in the same journal a letter, proving the salubrity of walking in the evening on the *Pont des Arts*. And which of them was in the right? Neither the one nor the other; they were both wrong. You may perhaps ask: How can that be possible? Nothing is more easily explained: the ladies continued to frequent the promenade in spite of the denunciations of the physician *tant-pis*, and caught cold notwithstanding the assurances of the physician *tant-mieux*. Our two doctors, therefore, were both wrong; such is the difficulty of hitting the mark with respect to women.

Let us, however, decide this question which is so important to the health of the ladies. I shall then assert with the physicians who enjoy the most deserved reputation, that the cool of the evening air checks perspiration, and is liable to produce various diseases, and that this effect is inevitable, if you sit still exposed to the evening air according to the practice of our ladies on the *Pont des Arts*. The cool of the evening is still more injurious to convalescents, as it may occasion relapses. Women, on going abroad after the periods of their accouchement, would do well not to expose themselves to it, if they are desirous of avoiding many painful disorders which are frequently the consequence of this imprudence, such as obstructions of the milk and various others. Such are some of the ill effects of the evening air, notwithstanding all that may be advanced by the doctors *tant-mieux*.

Cont: p 296

A SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF A PLAY.

MR. EDITOR,

In the year 1791, in the month of November, *Inkle and Yarico* was acted at Drury-lane, and afterwards *The Pannel*; *Oscar and Malvina*. The day after, the following *je ne sais quoi* appeared in a newspaper which is now forgotten; as it is a *chef d'œuvre* in its kind, it may be not unpleasant to some of your readers to peruse such a curious specimen of *matiere embrouillée*, and apt quotations:

Ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ.—HOR. ARTE POET.
Aut insanit homo, &c.
HOR. SAT. VII. LIB. 2.

INKLE AND YARICO, THE PANNEL, OSCAR AND MALVINA.

It is an observation of Longinus that if two men ride on horseback, &c.—Dr. Franklin borrowed this—so might Johnson, so might Boswell—and so do we:—For as Dean Swift says—"To speak of every particular person impeached by the commons of Athens within the compass designed, would introduce the history of almost every great man they had among them."

Kelly and Johnstone—who does not think of Colman—or farther back, the *Spectator*? But it is with the drama as in common life—"dot, and carry one," throughout the chapter—"as it was in the beginning, is now, &c." In the historical plays of Shakspeare there is much to admire—a redundancy of humour—from which to the serious his recuperancy is wonderful.—He had Horace in his eye,

Qui sit Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem, &c.

To aim at perfection—to be at it, near it, over it, about it—it is the "wicked man turning from his wickedness"—and so let the *Inkle* of the night have his due praise.—We cannot say, "*Spero meliora*"—where shall the *meliora* be found?

"*Optat ephippia bos piger.*"

Smollet asserts that Henry the First was "cool, cautious, politic, and penetrating; his courage was unquestioned, and his fortitude invincible."—It may be so—we war not with the dead.

"*Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace.*"

What music can do—it is but needful to name Billington and Crouch—and in all the fine varieties of passion, look, manner, tone—Wilberforce—the slave trade—the price of sugar—St. Domingo—it was cause and consequence—so let the *Yaricos* of last night have what we can give.

—— "Praises not loud, but deep."—

The *Trudges* of the night—Virgil shall take the pen—

"*Dic mihi Damœta, cujum pecus?*"

The confounding contradictions of collateral cotemporaries—are such, "I tell you nothing new, Sir"—but to this print the public will look up.

When Gibbon attacked Christianity, he was answered—and Lord Kaimes is just in maintaining, that "comparisons serve two purposes." Scarcely more just indeed when he remarks, "that a circle is a more agreeable figure than a square, a globe than a cube, and a cylinder than a parallelopipedon." What *Trudge* can do has been done—"Part with *Wous*! No."——

The house—Aristocracy—Plebeian at half-price—and the hour, twelve.—"*Remember twelve.*"

Somewhat too much of this.—"A needless Alexandrine."—"It may be remarked," says Johnson, "that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes and digest them, &c."—This is true taste—and so of Sir Christopher Curry.

"*Adieu Paniers, vendanges sont faites.*"

THE TRUNKMAKER.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER,

IN A CAMPAIGN IN AMERICA.

In the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favoured by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to the soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for concert, and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of the engineers." So true was this maxim of the American General, that the English soldiers had to contend with

little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their arrows and tomahawks, committed daily waste upon the British army, surprising their centinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even, when the alarm was given, and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war in which there was so much loss and so little honour, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station centinels some miles in the woods, and keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was, at this time, stationed upon the confines of a boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the centinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The centinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and, what was most astonishing, they were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, however, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery which time would explain.

One morning, the centinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The centinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert."

The relief-company returned to the guard-house.

The centinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They searched round the post, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned, ruminating upon this strange circumstance, to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and the terror ran through the regiment. The Colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the centinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the Colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company here, or whether he should again submit the post to a single centinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men whose courage and honesty were never suspected must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the Colonel, "against his will."

A man immediately stept from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance of that, as the condition of my making the discovery."

The Colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and waited the event in the guard-house with the most anxious curiosity.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the Colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they

came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required. "I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life, and led to the discovery. I had not been long on my post, when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, or what was not, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were, notwithstanding, directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular, to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated: I took my aim; discharged my piece; and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest aspect. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other centinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the centinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance in the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought. Whatever circumstances of wonder may appear in the present relation, there are many now alive who can attest its authenticity.

THE TWO APOTHECARIES

About the year 1712, there lived in a country town near Canterbury, a private gentleman named Turner. He had an only son, who, having attained the age of fifteen, was very desirous of qualifying himself to follow the professions of apothecary and surgeon. Accordingly his father had him bound apprentice for seven years to an eminent surgeon of the same place, whose name was Steevens. The young man was so attentive to his business that before he was out of his time, he was universally allowed to be as great a proficient in medical and surgical matters as his master.

His apprenticeship being concluded, the friends and acquaintance of young Mr. Turner came to make merry and spend the evening with him, as was at that time customary, and among the rest his father; who entering into conversation with Mr. Steevens relative to his son's capacity and inclination for his profession, at last thus addressed him:—

"Sir, I should grieve to find any thing left undone that might prevent or lessen his perfect qualification in his art." The apothecary replied, "Sir, I believe him to be as capable in it as myself, barring that he cannot have had so much experience. I have neglected no part of his instruction, and have communicated all I know, except one single point, which is a secret I discovered myself, and having experienced its truth and its value, I am not willing to impart it to any one without an adequate compensation."

Mr. Turner was unwilling his son should be deficient in any point which might be wanting to complete him for his profession, and therefore demanded the price of his secret. "Sir," answered Mr. Steevens, "if your son makes a proper use of it, it may bring in thousands. I look upon it as infallible, and to a man of prudence, and in great practice, it may be invaluable; but as your son has served his time with me, and has behaved well and attended diligently to

his business, I will make him master of this useful and excellent nostrum for thirty guineas." After a little consideration, and debating the matter with his son, Mr. Steevens agreed to take twenty guineas, which were paid immediately, and he gave in return a slip of paper on which seven words were written, being the recipe of his great and precious nostrum.

The old gentleman, after reading the recipe, burst out into a violent passion, saying he had been defrauded, and had parted with his money without an equivalent compensation, and that he would appeal to the laws for redress. The surgeon being in possession of the money remained quiet, and permitted him to vent his rage at leisure; when this had somewhat subsided he said calmly to Mr. Turner, "Why, Sir, although you now make so slight of this secret because you know it, yet, insignificant as it may seem to you, it has put many hundred pounds into my pocket, and if your son will always bear it in mind, and make a proper use of it, he may turn it to as good an account as I have done."

Still this did not satisfy old Mr. Turner; at length his son interposed, and said to his father, "Do not, Sir, make yourself uneasy about the purchase of this seeming trifle; my master has treated me kindly and honourably during the whole time of my apprenticeship, and I have no reason to suppose he wishes to impose on either of us. You, Sir, do not understand our business; there are secrets in all trades, and I have no doubt but I shall, as Mr. Steevens says, profit greatly by this valuable arcanum, so that I beg you will be contented, and leave the rest to me; I shall take care the money shall not be thrown away."

By this interposition of the son, his father became at last easy, and when the company broke up took him home.

A few days after he wanted his son to set up in business for himself immediately, in opposition to his old master, whom he still considered as having cheated him. The young gentleman however had a mind to travel, and endeavoured to convince his father how necessary it was to go to Paris for further experience in the practice of surgery, and that in that city surgeons had the opportunities of perfecting themselves in their profession. At length the old gentleman, however reluctantly, gave his consent, and his son set out for Paris.

After his arrival there he attended the hospitals during a year, and then continued his travels through Italy and Germany. After having thus employed seven or eight years, and being greatly improved in his person, learning, and professional skill in both physic, and surgery, he returned to England, with a resolution to travel all over it in the character of a mountebank Doctor, which profession was at that time in great esteem both in Germany and in Italy.

This he accordingly began to do with great success and applause, and having completed his tour in about a year, he at last contrived to arrive at the little town where he had served his time. His long absence had made such an alteration in his person and features that he was under no apprehension of being known, so that assuming the name of the Baron de Retourgnac, and announcing himself as a famous foreign physician, on his travels throughout Europe, he advertised that he purposed remaining some time in Canterbury, and in its vicinity. Accordingly he began by making a figure with his carriage and servants, and in a short time acquired great reputation as well as emolument from a number of cures which he performed.

It so happened that one day whilst he was mounted on his stage in this town, attended by his servants, who dealt out his medicines to the numerous purchasers, his old master, Steevens, approached as near as he could, in order to hear this learned Doctor harangue.

As soon as the Doctor saw him he knew him, and a pleasant fancy that moment striking him, he began to address the attentive spectators as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, it is notorious that the medical practitioners and professors in this country almost entirely neglect the study of those sciences which do not immediately relate to physic; so that they remain unacquainted with many curious facts and observations which tend to elucidate numberless cases in their professional line. These observations are generally known to the most celebrated physicians on the Continent, and are of the utmost consequence to thousands of people, who are afflicted with grievous disorders and maladies. When I was at Rome I learnt of a very eminent Italian professor, a certain arcanum, nostrum, or secret, which for real use and value can scarcely be paralleled in the known world, and which I have often experienced without ever having been deceived; it is an art of such a nature that millions of gold are not to be compared to its intrinsic value, and which I am bold to say no one besides myself this day in England has the least knowledge or conception of.

"You may observe, ladies and gentlemen, that it is a maxim among the learned, that unless the texture or combination of parts of the blood be already formed into a particular state, which is vulgarly called a vitious habit of body, it is incapable of contracting or receiving certain malignancies which affect and distemper it, and which malignancies will prevail in a greater or less degree, and become more or less virulent

according to its vitiated state, all which I grant to be true. But I have now further to observe, that as the face is a palpable index to the mind, wherein we may read tokens of the inward passions, so there are likewise certain signs to be observed in the face only, wherein we may perceive many prognostics and symptoms of various approaching diseases, which are then breeding and engendering in the blood; and which by thus being discovered, if they are skilfully attacked in time, that is, before they get to the height and gain the mastery, may by proper methods be easily removed; and if they are not so found out and treated, they may, and often do, occasion the certain death of the patient. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the art and mystery which I studied; and if I can discover among the vast concourse of people who now surround me, any such person whose present necessity requires my assistance, and by whom I may prove the truth of what I have been advancing, I will instantly point him out publicly before you all."

So, having spent some time in surveying the throng, and affecting a very grave and penetrating look, he at last pitched upon his old master, and pointing to him,—"There," said he, "is a gentleman who, I am certain, without my assistance, in ten days' time will be no longer living; and no other person in this kingdom except myself can possibly administer any thing that will cure him. And so well do I know the nature and cause of the distemper which is now invading his animal fluids, that I would have you, gentlemen, particularly notice, that I assure you, at seven or eight o'clock this evening he will be first seized with a lowness of spirits, restless all night, to-morrow he loses his appetite, then a fever will succeed, after which it will fall upon his nerves, and in a short time it will carry him off.

"Thus, Sir, be pleased to remember," continued he, addressing himself to the apothecary, "that I have told you the different stages and changes of this your new disorder; and seek the best advice and assistance you may, you will find all I have advanced exactly true."

Here the people were all amazed at this strange prognostication of the foreign mountebank about their own town Doctor, and were impatient for its issue. The learned orator having finished all he intended to say on that subject, immediately proceeded in his harangue on other matters.

The poor apothecary could think of nothing but what the stranger had prophesied concerning his approaching illness. He went home directly and related to his wife all he had heard. And some little time after, the good woman perceiving her husband pausing, melancholy, and apparently concerned at it, could not help sympathizing a little with him, saying,—"My dear, I am sorry to see you so grave; I hope you do not feel the disease coming upon you already; I should think you are the best judge whether the Doctor could perceive any symptoms of illness in you; but if I might advise you, you should for prevention and security take something which you may think serviceable directly." "Aye," replied the husband, "but he also told me that nobody but himself could tell what to give me that would do me any good, and therefore if I find myself attacked according to his prediction, it will be in vain for me to attempt any remedy from my own presumption, or from any person but from him."

From this moment he began to be very uneasy in mind, and consequently his disorder commenced; and as about seven or eight o'clock was the time the Doctor had fixed for his lowness of spirits to begin, he was very impatient to see what alteration would appear at that time; when it came he could not avoid fancying himself worse and worse every moment; and very soon after he was so extremely ill that he could not sit up any longer, so that to bed he went; and his distemper increasing the next day, as Doctor de Retourgnac had foretold, his appetite was totally lost, and the noise of his illness spread over the whole town, to the great credit and honour of the mountebank Baron. And although Mr. Steevens was very unwilling to send for him, fearing it might tend to lessen his own reputation in future, yet he was persuaded that all the medicines in the world, without his assistance, would be unavailing.

So that on the next day, a fever ensuing (which was inevitable with a man of such notions), by the advice of his wife and some friends, he at last sent for Doctor de Retourgnac; who, being come, took no notice of ever having seen his patient before, felt his pulse, asked such questions as he thought proper, told that his disease was of a very dangerous nature, that he had not found any physician in England who knew how to manage it properly, but that still he had hopes of being able to recover him in a few days as he had been called in time; that if he cured him he would have forty guineas for his medicines and attendance; and that if he did not succeed he was willing to forfeit a thousand.

To these terms the apothecary gladly consented, and the Doctor went home to prepare something to relieve him; we may suppose any simple thing would do, for the cure was to be effected not by the medicine but by the physician.

From this moment he began to mend apace, so that, in short, the cure was perfected in four or five days, and the Doctor not only received his stipulated reward, but was extolled in an extraordinary manner.

After Mr. Steevens was quite well again, he was very anxious to know by what rule or method an approaching distemper could be found out, and how the cure was to be worked. He thought if he could by any means obtain this secret he should be happy, and then be able to vie with any of his professional competitors in England. So after he had made a proposal to the Doctor for the purchase of this secret, and had taken a great deal of pains about it, he at last agreed with him to be taught this occult science for a hundred guineas. And when, to his great joy, the bargain was struck and the money paid, the mountebank Baron gave him a paper neatly folded and sealed, which, as he said, contained the whole art and mystery.

The apothecary, with great impatience, broke the seal, and to his great surprise found the paper contained nothing but the identical nostrum in his own hand-writing, which he had formerly sold to Mr. Turner, being only—CONCEIT CAN KILL, AND CONCEIT CAN CURE.

He remained some time as if stunned, till the Doctor burst into a fit of laughing, and discovering himself, asked him whether he did not approve of the secret? The apothecary was obliged to be satisfied, finding that by his own documents he had been diseased and restored. And Monsieur le Baron de Retourgnac, now Dr. Turner, by following his master's advice when his father purchased the secret, not only recovered the principal, but four times as much in addition, besides his fee, and had the pleasure of returning the compliment to his old master, by properly trying this most excellent nostrum, and experimentally proving it to be infallible.

MY NIGHT-CAP.

I HAVE contracted a habit of putting down in writing every night, the impressions which remain on my mind, occasioned by the various occurrences of the day. My pen is at hand, and all that I have felt, thought, heard, in short, the result of my studies and my conversations, all is laid down on my paper.

How sweet it is to meditate alone, with our eyes bent on the end of our pen, and a night-cap on our head! It is then that we are completely master of our ideas and our expressions, and can catch the fleeting thought without reflecting on the critic's lash.

What can be more useful than to recall to our remembrance all that we have experienced, to pass sentence on the various events, and, what more closely concerns the self-love of an author, the opinions which are in circulation? Learned critics, only permit me the use of my pen for one hour before I resign myself to the soothing arms of sleep.

Sometimes the most amusing incidents arise in my mind; then, like Democritus, I laugh at the follies of human nature, judge for myself, and distribute praise and blame where I think it is due, saying, those that have spoken aloud in figurative language had better have held their tongue, and those that have not been listened to, have spoken the truth.

In short, during the silence of the night my pen has prepared me on my awaking a new enjoyment of the past day; and that day lost to so many people is not quite anihilated for me.

As I am very fond of this kind of writing, I take pleasure in continuing it. An author must reimburse himself before hand if he would not be reduced to the character of a deceived creditor; for we sometimes receive nothing from that capricious public who judge us so arbitrarily, and who, whether they praise or condemn us, are never on a footing with us; it is well to be satisfied with the form, the manner, the style, and even the title given to a book.

Following these rules, we cannot exclaim against the ingratitude and injustice of the century who does not comprehend us; we are not envied, we disdain the abuse of hired reviewers, and write what we please without fear or reserve. After this the public may pronounce whatever sentence it pleases; each have been free, and each may consider themselves recompensed; I maintain that the author is to compose according to his mind; he would be a great dupe if he gave up his right of serving the world according to his own taste, and not as they would imperiously exact.

How sweet it is, the head reposing on the pillow, to be able to say, I have done my duty, and if I give the public much more than they bestow on me, they are my debtors, and I am not theirs. I have supplied them with agreeable sensations, and what can be added to those I have experienced while writing them!

E. R.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

[*Continued from Page* 99.]

LETTER VII.

BEFORE I proceed to give you any further instructions relative to the meaning of the different features of the human face, I will relate to you what once happened to me during my abode in France. When the whole population of Paris overflowed into the *Champs Elysées* and the *Bois de Boulogne*, on the road to *Longchamps*, I was carried along by the tide, as well as the wish of studying the numberless countenances with which I should meet. I took my post against a tree by the side of the way at the entrance of the wood, and glanced over the crowds that rolled before me. I was provided with a pocket-bock and a pencil, and had already taken a few notes, when I was struck with the physiognomy of a man who had stopped, like me, to gaze at the passengers. I fixed my eyes upon him without perceiving that he also observed me, and was offended at the marked attention I paid him. But when he saw me taking out my pocket-book, and writing in it, he lost all patience, and rushing towards me, took hold of my arm, and asked me roughly to follow him. Surprised at the vehemence of his action, and awed by the consciousness of being a foreigner, I could not help obeying him, and was hurried towards the nearest watch-house. The dark and threatening looks which my companion cast upon me made me think of the bloody times of the revolution, and I wished myself in England, far from the grasp of oppression.

I held my pocket-book, and pencil in my hand, by the express order of my conductor; who, as soon as we reached the watch-house, enquired for the commanding officer, and accused me of having impudently looked him in the face for nearly half an hour, and after that to have written. At the same time he tore my book from me and gave it to the officer; who, not sufficiently skilled in the art of reading, or too proud to condescend to examine me himself, told the corporal to peruse aloud its contents. When I saw what was the matter my fears vanished away, and I dared to smile, which irritated both my accuser and my judge, and I was forbidden to smile. Silence was called for, and the lecture thus began:—"A banker—a crooked mouth—pleasures of physiognomical observations—vanity of the physiognomist. When I shall say of this man that he must be a great coxcomb, they will tell me it is a calumny, and that I am fond of teasing; and when I tell them to mistrust such a face, they will exclaim that I am the only one whom they ought not to trust.—I must make up my mind to this" A pause followed this sentence, to which the hearers seemed to affix a deep meaning as they did not understand it. The reader went on.—"This man has been a soldier——." 'Oh! this is for me, cried out my accuser. "I believe he has left the banners of Mars for Vulcan's service." 'He says you are a deserter,' exclaimed the officer. 'That is a lie, begging your pardon, Captain; after fighting for ten years, which is five more than the time prescribed, I have obtained the permission of quitting the army, and am now an honest smith in St. Sepulchre's-street.'

I begged to be allowed to speak, and said, that by the same reason as the officer's profession ordered him to shed his blood for his country, the smith's trade to beat red hot iron, my occupation led me to observe physiognomies. The features of this honest man, I added, struck me because they still wear a warlike cast, heightened by the hale complexion which the heat and vapours of the coals have spread over them; and I judged he was a smith from the blackness of his hands, caused by holding iron, the dead colour of his eyes, and the bent of his body, proceeding from the constant habit of blowing and beating the red hot metal.

The firm undaunted voice with which I pronounced this explanation of my conduct answered my expectations; I was looked upon as an oracle, and indeed the bench upon which I stood, and the smoke of tobacco which rose around me, imitated pretty exactly the Sybil's tripod and the vapours with which she was surrounded. Every hand clapped my praise, and every one wished to have the meaning of his features explained. At last, after having satisfied them all, I asked the officer the permission of returning home; and he politely offered to send two soldiers with me to see me safe, which I refused. Then bidding him adieu, I glided away among the crowd, but not so skilfully as to evade the search of the smith,

who this time shook my hand heartily, begged my pardon, and left me with this compliment—"You are a famous man!"

If any of your friends still say that there is no truth in the science of physiognomy, show them the preceding adventure, which really happened to me, and laugh, as I do, at their vain and baseless objections. The next time you hear from me, I will at least gratify your curiosity, and unfold the secret value which nature has stamped upon every feature, and almost every lineament, of that sublime and low, wise and foolish, modest and conceited being—man.

E. R.

[*To be continued.*]

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[*Continued from Page* 103.]

OF CEREMONIES AT TABLE.

All ceremony should be banished among epicures, especially at table. This is a truth, which we shall never cease to repeat; the reason is not difficult to define. In the first place, when epicurism is thoroughly established among people who meet for the first time, a close intimacy soon succeeds, for no formality can long exist between real lovers of the table. A similitude of tastes is ever acknowledged the best basis for friendship to rest on; real epicures also are seldom known to quarrel; they leave coolness, and dissentions to lovers, and live together like true children of Epicurus.

It has also been clearly proved that ceremony at table is always detrimental to an entertainment, for while superfluous compliments are passing, the viands are not improving. However as they are not yet entirely banished at the hour of dinner, we think it necessary to say something on the subject, and to lay down a few instructions, which may perhaps reconcile civility with epicurism; and we are very desirous that they should be universally adopted, as we are certain of their suiting every kind of appetite, from the greatest to the smallest.

He who said that exactness was the sublimity of fools, was certainly far from a man of sense. We on the contrary deem it a virtue, which all those who know the value of time must possess, and as for fools we shall not honour them so far as to range them in that class. An epicure is, or ought to be, a punctual man, for it is easy to prove that of all uncivil acts, that of making a dinner wait is the greatest. An affair, let it be of ever so much consequence, may be put off for a few hours; but a joint at the fire, a stew-pan on the stove, or a pie in the oven, must only remain a stated time, and if exceeded, they must dry up, and be infallibly spoiled without any remedy.

Then the epicure, and all those who aspire to this noble appellation, should repair to a feast exactly at the hour which the invitation mentions; but it is the Amphitryon's duty also to be very precise, and to arrange it so that the first course may be on the table exactly fifteen minutes after the time mentioned.

It is of importance here to make an observation respecting the various manners of announcing the hour of a dinner. There exist in London three ways of interpreting it, which it is of service to be acquainted with, so as not to arrive neither too early nor too late. Thus, when it is marked on the invitation five o'clock, it always means six; five o'clock precisely, half past five; and dinner on the table at five, bears its own meaning. Attending to this invariable rule, we shall never be deceived, and never spoil an entertainment. The first salutations among epicures should be laconic, and instead of the usual question, How do you do? should be substituted, how is your appetite to-day? The most general rule is, half an hour after the time mentioned, for the butler to enter and announce dinner.

Then he who is placed nearest the door, should silently lead the way to the dining-room, followed in procession by the rest, without allowing any thing to make them halt even for an instant; the Amphitryon should close the march, to accelerate those who are inclined to loiter.

Anecdotes, maxims, and reflections, interspersed with principles of politeness, and good living.

An epicure, really worthy of that name, so often usurped by those who have no right to it, may be always distinguished at table, because he never fails to take his soup boiling hot. Happy he who can boast of a palate which combines delicacy with strength to withstand the burning heat!

It is a received maxim that steel should never approach fish; as soon as it makes its appearance on the table, gold and silver are the only metals worthy of dissecting it.

The greatest pain you can inflict on an epicure is to interrupt him in the exercise of his jaws. Thus it is greatly transgressing against good breeding to visit a man when he is eating. 'Tis interfering with his enjoyments, and preventing him from reasoning with his mouthfuls.

It is scarcely less uncivil to arrive an invited guest to a dinner, when the company have taken their seats; when this happens the person should refrain from entering, even should he be compelled to fast the remainder of the day as a punishment for this want of punctuality.

A real epicure never makes himself be waited for.

A master of a house ought to be well acquainted with the principles of the art of carving. This in times past formed a prominent feature in the education of well bred people; and formerly a carving master, was as common as a dancing master.

The Germans in this respect possess a great advantage over us. With them it is the butler who always carves; as soon as a dish appears on the table he removes it to the side-board, and cuts it up with inconceivable quickness and dexterity; he then hands it round the table, and each person serves himself according to his taste. This is what may be justly denominated a comfortable repast.

The first study of an Amphitryon when at table, is to be well acquainted with the state of each guest's plate; it is a constellation, on which his eyes should be incessantly fixed; his first duty then is to keep them always well replenished, as well as when the cloth is removed the glass well filled. H should ever hold emptiness in detestation.

Digestion is the affair of the stomach, and indigestion that of the faculty.

The most delicate morsel of a roast fowl is the wing; that of a boiled one, the leg, especially if it be white and plump. Some people are partial to the rumps of poultry, in partridges the breast is unanimously esteemed the most favourite part.

[*To be continued.*]

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

[*Continued from Page* 149. *Vol. II.*]

Some wise artists are truly ingenious in screening any deficiency which the hurry of business may have occasioned; liberties from this cause are often taken bordering on licentiousness. A little caution is requisite in producing views of well-known places, but scenes from remote countries give ample scope for this species of ingenuity. Who will travel to India to ascertain the truth of a drawing? But let it here be remembered, to the eternal honour of the late Captain Cooke, that the drawings made under his direction for illustrating the narrative of his voyage, the engravings from which are a national ornament, he carefully compared with the objects delineated, from the precise points in which they were taken; nor would he suffer the introduction or alteration of any object, however it might have been insisted that it would assist the general or particular effect, but such as were absolutely on the spot. Captain Cooke was no picture-maker, no modern draughts-man, he had not been initiated, else what glorious opportunities for introducing accompaniments that must have improved these scenes to the most consummate idea of the truly picturesque. Who would visit Otaheite, or Owyhee, to examine that scenery, which might so easily have been produced at the small expence of truth and reality? The public opinion has stamped a just value on this work by the universal approbation with which it has been received. But the public has likewise encouraged publications made with no other thought or design, but to make views—under correction, to make money; in which objects are introduced or omitted *ad libitum*, distant hillocks are elevated into mountains, approximate mole-hills are magnified to magnificence; in which lights and shadows, impossible in nature, are performed in print, to entertain or mislead the uninformed, and to divert or offend all that know any thing of the matter. This is a curious but certain fact; but shall such representations depreciate the merit of a genuine copy of nature, of a legitimate work of art? forbid it taste, science, genius! Let the ingenious youth, by patient assiduity, labour to acquire that knowledge which will enable him to copy faithfully, not servilely, the features of nature. Where then shall he begin? to what prime object shall we direct his attention? You have described the beauties of nature as so pleasing and universal, that if we walk into the fields we shall meet with innumerable objects to draw from; true, but their multiplicity and variety render it impossible for a learner to copy them, without having previously studied, and made himself well acquainted with

the artificial methods of representing them. The student must copy drawings made from these objects with diligent perseverance, till he acquires a correct eye, and a free, firm, masterly hand, before he can make his pencil translate the language of nature. Look over the port folio, and select some simple subject; copy it carefully, closely, and repeatedly. Here is a simple scene; that porch of an ancient temple, with overhanging trees, a distant mill, and still more distant view of Tivoli;—delightful, nothing can be more beautiful, more simple. Pause a moment; consider that is a picture, a composition, a Claude. Can you conceive you could make such a picture before you knew how to draw any of the parts? Can your school-fellow, who has not learned subtraction, multiplication, and division, work a sum in the rule of three? Thus, it should seem, a child may be convinced that it is proper for him to begin with those objects which are the least intricate, complex, and difficult; but it has been asserted by some whose taste and genius are universally acknowledged, that the readiest way to improve a scholar is to set before him excellent and difficult drawings for his imitation. That they ought to be good, that is correct, must be admitted; but not difficult, that is, not complex. The argument for this mode is highly ingenious, and merits consideration. The following is penned solely from memory, and by no means does justice to the acumen of the thoughts, but will serve, though imperfectly, to convey the ideas entertained by some intimately conversant with every topic of the arts.

To the uninformed and uninstructed every subject must be equally difficult, for we will suppose him entirely ignorant of every subject, considered as an object for imitation. Emulation will impel him to exert his utmost efforts to produce a good resemblance of his example, and every seeming difficulty will soon be overcome with the instruction of his master. The scholar will then feel that satisfaction which the ingenious mind enjoys from the acquisition of some useful discovery, or from surmounting some formidable obstacle; consequently every subsequent trial will be made with greater facility, and the progress of his improvement will keep pace with the excellence of the subject proposed; whereas by fixing the youthful attention to regular figures, and making him go through the drudgery of copying things that produce him no entertainment, the genius is cramped, the mind is disgusted with the pursuit, and no benefit can be derived from all the labour and expence.

Thus far in favour of the above argument, and this method undoubtedly may succeed with those who, before they receive instruction, exhibit a quick conception, and produce commendable copies by their own unassisted endeavours; but no such method will suit the general class of learners, nor enable them to proceed in any thing like an easy path, to gain such a tincture of the principles of drawing as will sink deep into the memory, or be found useful, and tending towards improvement in their future progress. Let it be considered how many particulars, each different from the other, are requisite to be known to produce a picture even the most simple. A cottage cannot be correctly drawn without some little idea of proportion and perspective; the trees around it demand a different kind of study, and cannot be executed at all without considerable practice. The water reflecting every form inverted to the eye, the road leading through the wood, the distant glimpse of the country, and the broken masses that occupy the fore ground of the piece, each of these is an object that requires a peculiar kind of knowledge.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ODE TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD! happiest stage of life,
Free from care and free from strife;
Free from Mem'ry's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill:
How thy long lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!
Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's narrow tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the winding street to trace:
Oh what joys!—it once was mine;—
Childhood, matchless gift of thine;
How thy long lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

H. F.

ELLEN.—An Elegy.

Deep thunder in peals roll'd in dreadful succession,
Blue sulphureous lightning illumin'd the sky,
When Ellen, the victim of sad indiscretion,
Fled swift o'er the heath, for no cover was nigh.

Forsaking the arms of her titled seducer,
She hasten'd, yet dreaded her parents to meet;
No danger could tempt, no persuasion induce her
To rest, till forgiveness she'd begg'd at their feet.

Alas! hapless Ellen! too late's the endeavour!
Too long you've neglected their pardon to crave!
Heart-broke by your flight, you have lost them for ever!
Their sorrows are hush'd in the cold darksome grave!

But who to thine ear shall unfold the sad tidings?
What tongue will but falter the tale to impart?
Ah! how wilt thou bear the rude scorn and the chidings
Of those who can't feel for the deep-wounded heart?

May the pow'r you've offended accept your contrition,
And strengthen the virtue which dawns in your breast,
May his goodness relieve your unhappy condition,
And soon in the tomb may your woes be at rest!

As despairing she wander'd, alone, unprotected,
How throbb'd her sad heart as she drew near their door!
At that instant a flash, by Heav'n's mercy directed,
To earth struck her down, and she never rose more!

THE SICK PLANTER AND HIS SLAVE.

A Planter, near Jamaica town,
Was sick beyond the art of healing;
He was a man of high renown,
And rich in every thing—but feeling.

Vasa, his slave, a faithful lad,
Was somewhat in his master's graces;
And, as one day the fool look'd sad,
He took him to his kind embraces.

Quoth he " Good fellow, I've a thought
To leave thee free, with store of money."
Blacky the notion quickly caught,
And sobb'd—" Sweet massa, tank you honey."

" And when you die, that you may rest
" Near him whose bounty thus conferr'd is,
" I'll have it in my will exprest,
" That in my vault your corpse interr'd is."

" Oh; my good massa—never care,"
The slave return'd—" Me no disgrace you;
" Me satisfy de gold to share:
" Your own relations me give place to."

" How!" said the Planter in a pet,
Trembling, the boy replied, " Dear massa,
Me fear old Devil may forget,
And, 'stead of you—may take poor Vasa."

AURELIA AND THE SPIDER.

The muslin torn—from tears of grief,
In vain Aurelia sought relief;
In sighs and plaints she pass'd the day,
The tatter'd frock neglected lay.

While busied at the weaving trade,
A Spider heard the sighing maid;
And kindly stopping, in a trice
Thus offer'd (gratis) his advice:—

" Turn, little girl, behold in me,
" A stimulus to industry;
" Campare your woes, my love, with mine,
" And tell me who should most repine?
" This morning, e'er you had left your room,
" The chambermaid's remorseless broom,
" In one sad moment that destroyed,
" To build which thousands were employed;
" The shock was great, but as my life
" I sav'd in the relentless strife,
" I knew lamenting was in vain,
" So smiling went to work again;
" By constant work, a day or more,
" My little mansion will restore;
" And if each tear that you have shed
" Had been a needle-full of thread—
" If every sigh of sad despair
" Had been a stitch, with proper care,
" Clos'd would have been the luckless rent,
" Nor thus the day have been mispent."

ODE TO MISS M. A——.

Oh! Marianne! in amorous pain,
With spirit wild and glowing vein,
I've languish'd on thy throbbing breast,
And look'd and sigh'd my soul to rest.
Full often there in dreams of bliss
I've snatch'd a fond unconscious kiss,
'Till the ripe lips of her I lov'd
Against my own in union mov'd,
Then rousing from my trance, o'erjoy'd,
Again I've press'd, again I've toy'd!

Oh! Marianne! those hours have pass'd,
Like scatter'd leaves on autumn blast!
No love-beam looks invite me now,
But sullen frowns invest thy brow.

Wherefore is my fair-one chang'd?
And why are plighted hearts estrang'd?
Perchance you'll say my faith has rov'd,
My fancy new impressions prov'd—
I own the charge.—In frantic hour,
When reason lost her guardian pow'r,
I breath'd warm vows to wanton maids
Where Isis glides thro' classic shades—
But wily Comus brew'd the bowl,
Ere Circe's snare beguil'd my soul:
When sobering morn dispers'd the charms,
I started from the tempter's arms,
And rais'd a pray'r, from passion free,
To Love, to Purity, and thee!

Thou injur'd excellence! ah, deign
To cheer a fond, repentant swain—
And let his frank confession prove,
How fix'd his heart, how true his love!
Pronounce "forgiveness!" and that word
Like life to fainting frames restor'd,
The tide of transport, full and strong,
Will rush my slacken'd veins along;
Again my pulse shall beat and burn,
'Till thine its amorous throb return;
Our days revolve in soft delights.
And boundless rapture crown our nights.

LACHIN Y GAIR.*

BY THE RIGHT HON. G. GORDON, LORD BYRON.

Away, ye gay landscapes; ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;
Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits tho' elements war,
Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On Chieftains, long perished, my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
"Rise on the night rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale:
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd, tho' brave, did no visions foreboding,
"Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar,
The Pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse e'er I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you;
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

* Pronounced in Erse Loch na Garr.

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

There once was a Painter, in Catholic days,
Like Job, who eschewed all evil.
Still on his Madonas the curious may gaze
With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels (compar'd to the devils he drew)
Who besieg'd poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, such a damnable hue!
You could even smell brimstone, their breath was so blue,
He painted the Devil so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
She stood on the Dragon, embracing her Son,—
Many Devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

The old Dragon's imps, as they fled thro' the air,
At seeing it, paus'd on the wing;
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
To pay their respects to their king.

Every child, at beholding it, shiver'd with dread,
And scream'd as he turn'd away quick;
Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
Drop'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said—
Oh! save me from ugly Old Nick!

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled as sleeping he lay,
'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey,
That the Devil himself was in sight!

"You rascally dauber!" old Beelzebub cries,
"Take heed how you wrong me again:
"Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
"Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
"Or see if I threaten in vain!"

Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance:
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting, with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light;
Ev'ry look, ev'ry line, ev'ry feature he knows,
'Tis fresh in his eye—to his labour he goes,
And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man! he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The tip of his nose is red hot,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scale,
And that the identical curl of his tail—
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind.
He touches again, and again feeds his sight;
He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright
The original standing behind!

"Fool! idiot!"—old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,
And stampt on the scaffold in ire:
The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
The Devil could wish it no higher.

"Help, help me! O Mary!" he cried in alarm,
As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good Painter, she sav'd him from harm,
There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
And curs'd his own fruitless endeavour:
While the Painter call'd after, his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph, and cried
"I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!"

THE DEAD ROBIN.

As I wander'd one morn through yon wood-cover'd valley,
To pluck the wild thyme, and the blossoms of May;
I look'd round in vain for my dear little Sally,
Whose prattle would sometimes enliven my way.

At length on a stile by a walnut-tree shaded,
I found her in tears, a dead bird on her lap;
The joy of her once smiling face was now faded,
While she wept and related her cruel mishap.

"Alas" she exclaim'd, "see my little tame robin,
"The naughty cat killed it;"—and then she caress'd
And kiss'd the poor victim, and tenderly sobbing,
Let fall her fond tears on its blood-sprinkl'd breast.

I sigh'd as I said to myself, 'tis a reason
That sages declare all is sorrow below;
For even in childhood's fair, innocent season,
How quickly is pleasure succeeded by woe!

THE VEIL.—A SONNET.

THOUGH to hide a sweet face,
With a curtain of lace,
Makes oglers of fashion to rail;
Though our Fair would shine bright
'Midst a full blaze of light,
My lines I'll devote to the Veil.

Master Cupid we know,
When he aims a sure blow,
With enchantments of face will assail;
Yet his Godship knows too,
How intense men pursue,
Ev'ry Venus that's deck'd with a Veil.

For the peace of mankind,
It is both right and kind,
Some fair ones their charms shou'd conceal;
Since a pair of bright eyes,
Will, in spite of disguise,
Inflict a deep wound through a Veil.

Now if one roguish beam
From an eye can inflame,
And to do execution not fail,
What destruction of hearts,
Wou'd be found in all parts
Did Beauty relinquish her Veil!

WE have obtained and inserted the music of the two airs which principally delighted the two Elephants of which the history is given in the Twentieth Number of our Magazine. The two variations are to be played in quick time, and are added for the amusement of Ladies,—to any of whom we shall be obliged for the favour of the other three airs which were performed before the Elephants, viz. the Adagio in the opera of Dardane, *"Manes plaintifs," in* B b. *"Charmante Gabrielle," a song in* Henri IV. *"Musette," in the overture of* Nina.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR OCTOBER.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[*Concluded from Page* 168.]

Therese (*aside*). Excellent, she betrays herself!

Ursule. And because I prefer reading to my needle, because I am able to think, reflect and reason, the inmates of this house have honoured me with the appellation of the *little Sévigné*. It is true, that I correspond rather seriously with a young philosophical friend of mine. Now be frank, you have heard many things to my disadvantage? No; well you may expect to hear them soon.

Sainville. Louise has been represented to me in the most flattering colours.

Ursule. And with great propriety. I do not accuse Louise of any bad intention. She is a very good housewife; they say she is avaricious, but I call her sparing disposition economy. Her wish of going to Paris, proceeds from a childish curiosity; her caprices are amusing, and her coquetry a simple and artless desire of pleasing.

Sainville. It seems, however——.

Ursule. I fear nothing from Agathe. She is goodness itself; yet she was not always the same: she has been young, handsome, and haughty, and she thought to-day that her Amazonian dress would work wonders. As to Pauline, she is not capable of planning evil; all her science consists in knowing how to weep for imaginary misfortunes. What a soul is hers! how full of delicacy, how teeming with exquisite feeling! I know who is my real foe.

Sainville. Who then?

Ursule. Therese; she is lively, talkative, and a little intriguing; but 'tis a child, who knows not what she says. She does not like me, whilst I love her sincerely.

Sainville. You are skilful in pourtraying your friends.

Ursule. Lord help us! no one is perfect; but you wish to settle here, and it is necessary I should make you acquainted with the nature of our society. The imperfections of his wards and daughters, may be attributed to Mr. Jaquemin's self-sufficiency. Because his lands prosper under his care, he thought the minds of his young ladies would do the same. My mother acted much more wisely when she sent me to a school in town.

Sainville. Where you have not been an unprofitable student.

Ursule. I have learned enough, perhaps, not to be out of countenance in a select party. But no more of this. I have told you some truths of my friends, only because I know they are planning something against me. You are fond of botany, I have heard?

Sainville. Of botany?

Therese (*appearing*). Ursule, your mother has sent for you.

Ursule. Are you coming, Mr. Sainville?

Therese. My father wishes to speak a few words with him.

Ursule. Stay then; I am not one of those who invade the rights of others. (*To Sainville*). Do not make us wait. Therese, farewell, my dear. [*Exit*.

Sainville. What a wicked tongue this girl possesses.

Therese. Ursule? why you forget; she is the best educated, the wisest person—but I leave you with your friend. [*Exit*.

Enter CORSIGNAC.

Sainville. Oh! my friend, what a malicious, pedantic, and disgusting being Ursule is!

Corsignac. Did I not tell you she would feign any defect to please you?

Sainville. To please me? She employs strange means to succeed in her purpose. Whilst Louise—but no; our tastes, our inclinations are too different. I must depart, and disappoint Mr. Jaquemin, who vainly expected this visit would have closed with a marriage.

Corsignac. No disappointment; I will marry Pauline. She is too romantic; but I do not hope for a faultless wife.

Sainville. You speak like a man of sense; I can smile at her literary mania, but Ursule's slanderous tongue——.

Enter THERESE *and* LOUISE.

Therese. Come in Louise. (*To Sainville.*) I could not find my father, and bring you my sister.

Corsignac. Don't begin to quarrel, I beg of you, because you are not to be man and wife you need not hate each other.

[*Exeunt* Corsignac *and* Therese.

Sainville. It is then decided that we do not suit each other.

Louise. Have you not refused my father's offer?

Sainville. Did you not tell him I was odious in your sight?

Louise. Had you not been the sole cause of his anger against me?

Sainville. He flew into a passion before he rightly understood me. Recollect how frankly I addressed you this morning, and the answer you gave me.

Louise. Well, Sir, it is my turn to be frank, however ridiculous I may appear. Confiding in my father's choice, I felt disposed to esteem you, when the reports I heard about you filled me with terror. I was wrong, I should have trusted my father's powers of discrimination, and have moulded my inclinations after those of the husband he destined for me.

Sainville. It is I alone who will follow your inclinations. The sacrifice of my taste and habits will never repay this enchanting acknowledgement of your sentiments.

Louise. No; it is I who will sacrifice mine. We will settle at Paris.

Sainville. By your side, I shall even there find happiness.

Louise. We will mix in the world, and see a great deal of company.

Sainville. We shall keep open house, for what would I not do to please you? I will try to anticipate and gratify your least wishes.

Louise. Alas! I have but one; it is, that amidst the noisy pleasures of the world, my husband should never cease to love me; for I must not deceive you, I can renounce my most ardent hopes, but would feel very unhappy should I not be repaid with constant love. Be satisfied with me, if I forsake the country for you alone.

Sainville. It is I who mean to settle at Paris, solely on your account.

Louise. Why, I have no desire of seeing Paris.

Sainville. And I delight to live in the country. There, far from the storms of a troubled world, in the arms of a beloved partner, in the bosom of my family, I had dreamed of felicity.

Louise. What did Ursule tell me?

Sainville. Ursule! All is cleared up. Oh, Louise! how happy you have made me.

Enter AGATHE, LEDOUX, PAULINE, JAQUEMIN, *and* CORSIGNAC.

Jaquemin. Leave me alone, I am angry, he shall not stay with my daughter.

Sainville. My worthy friend, my dear Jaquemin, how many excuses I ought to make for my conduct. Louise and I have been both deceived. Our tastes, inclinations, sentiments, are the same.

Jaquemin. This is very lucky indeed, Sir; but do you not fear lest—Oh! by heavens, I cannot keep any rancour; your hand, my son-in-law. (*To Mr. Ledoux.*) Agathe is yours; Pauline has told me how she sympathised with you, Mr. Corsignac. But where is Therese; I must make peace with her too?

Enter THERESE.

Therese. Ursule's servant is come to fetch these two gentlemen.

Jaquemin. Make their excuses, they dine with us; Sainville marries your sister, my two wards have found husbands, and to-night the contracts will be signed.

Therese. Oh, how glad I am! Do you permit me to write this good news to my cousin?

Jaquemin. Assuredly, let him get a holiday, and be present at the nuptials of others, till his own turn shall come.

Corsignac. Bravo, my dear guardian! The handsome Agathe with the good Mr. Ledoux; the sensible Pauline with the tender Corsignac; friend Sainville with the amiable Louise, will taste happiness. The marriage of the young Therese is now in perspective, and the wicked Ursule alone is husbandless. E. R.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Tuesday, September 29th, a gentleman appeared in the character of *Alonzo*, in *Pizarro*. The character is very subordinate, and the performer was not much better—He is equal, however, to what he pretends to; and thus, in the present state of the theatre, and constant rivalry for leading characters, will be more useful as he is less eminent. There is always wanting in both houses a contented race of steady subordinates, who are willing to do the business they are hired for, and think as moderately of themselves as the public think.

On October 1st was performed the *School for Scandal*. This admirable comedy is always seen with new pleasure; and the theatre has seldom been so destitute of talent as not to give full effect to its characters.—Of the excellence of Mrs. Jordan's *Lady Teazle* we have often had occasion to speak; but, on Thursday, October 1, her usual vivacity seemed depressed by indisposition, and her performance was less effective than usual.

Wroughton's *Sir Peter Teazle*, is an admirable piece of acting—If not equal to King's in his best days, he is much superior to his latter performance. In those characters of comedy, such as *Moody* and *Sir Peter Teazle*, where the humour is strictly copied from life, and the colours, sufficiently brilliant in their genuine purity, require no exaggeration from artificial dies,—

Wroughton succeeds as well as any performer of his time.

Upon the part of *Charles* there has always hung a doubt. The question has been after what model is it to be acted?—If the polish which is required in a *Valentine* or a *Mirabel* be given to *Charles*, the humour is destroyed. The ordinary gentleman of the stage, as our old authors have drawn him, is too dry; and the modern man of gallantry too gross. The just performance of this character, therefore, lies between the extremes of that refinement which belonged to the wit of Congreve, and their consequent dryness; and the boisterous rampancy, and gross inelegance of the modern rake. Had *Charles* been drawn after the model of *Ranger* he would have been execrable; if after *Mirabel*, dry. The mixture, therefore, has been made with equal genius and knowledge of the taste of the age.

The analysis of the character will explain how it should be acted. *Charles* should be a gentleman, bending to the relaxation of humour, and to some of its more agreeable broadness, without any thing of grossness, or affectation of the antic. His humour should have neither trick nor extravagance, at the same time it should not be curbed for want of vivacity. It is given to him as a substitute for wit,—as more pleasing in its effect, and more agreeable to the taste of the age.

Elliston's humour is perhaps too solemn, and his ordinary reciprocation of dialogue too laboured for *Charles*; but he is still far from displeasing in his part. If not the best we have seen in the character, he must be pronounced the best on the present stage.

Dowton's *Sir Oliver* is admirable. It is wholly unmixed with the ordinary dross; it is sterling truth; the strong imprint of nature. It is hearty, generous, and open, with a full display of the natural turn of humour that is given to the character. We confess that we never saw a representation of this character that pleased us so much.

Barrymore's *Joseph* was extremely respectable; and Wewitzer, in *Moses*, was admirable.

The House has been crouded every night of performance.

Mrs. Whitelock, the sister of Mrs. Siddons, appeared in the beginning of the month at this theatre. The part chosen for her first appearance was the heroine in Miss Moore's tragedy of *Percy*.

Mrs. Whitelock is a strong resemblance of her sister; not so tall, but, otherwise, of the same proportions in her person. Her voice resembles that of Mrs. Siddons; but it is inaudible in the lower tones. Her general appearance, perhaps, is somewhat too matronly. She is certainly an actress of sound sense, and well accomplished in her art; she has not the sublimity, majesty, or pathos of her sister, but she has too much genius and taste to be classed with mediocrity. In a word, had not Mrs. Siddons come before her, she would have ranked with any tragic actress of her time. Her reception was very flattering.

A young lady of the name of Lyon has made her first appearance in the character of *Rosetta*, in the opera of *Love in a Village*. She is a pupil of Corri. Her person is good, her face handsome, and her manner is natural and simple; her voice is a good soprano, and of more compass and soundness than this species of voice in common possesses. From D. upwards to C. downwards, there is no deficiency or abruptness; the scale is gradual, and the rise and fall by an equal chain of harmony. Within this compass her notes are complete and musical.

Her professional education, however, seems to have been trusted to chance, and though we understand she still has a master, and an eminent one (Corri), she has either not sufficiently profited by his lessons, or, perhaps, has not received them long enough. Her great deficiency is in that necessary embellishment which belongs equally to taste and to science; to which the latter supplies its rudiments, and the former its regulations.

We are not now what we were some years since; content with mere native, unprofessional harmony. Singing is more of a science; and though a voice may lose its natural simplicity in superfluous embellishments, and art be pursued to that extent as to become mere artifice and trick; though singing may be degraded to a mere experiment of sounds, and the embroidery be suffered to obscure the canvas, it is nevertheless necessary to give their proper value to that science and taste which the present age have so much improved, and which they now demand from every professional singer.

Here is the deficiency of Miss Lyon: she wants taste and refinement, both of which science alone must supply: natural feeling gives little. Singing is as much a study as acting; nature may give a person for the stage as she gives a voice, but art must accomplish both.

It was the want of a moderate portion of this science which occasioned Miss Lyon to fail in a song which is almost always secure of an *encore*; we mean the "Travellers benighted."—The same deficiency spoiled the songs "How blest the Maid whose bosom," and "Young I am." In a word, this young lady has most excellent natural endowments, and we venture to say, that she will even lead in her profession, if she endeavours to accomplish herself in that science and taste, without which, singing, in the present age, is not much regarded.

Dowton is not mellow enough in the *Justice*; he was, too, uniformly morose and dry. Where farce and caricature are the basis of a character they should be given. Purity and prudish correctness in an opera buffoon are ridiculous.

It is easy enough to give caricature and extravagance, and still to preserve taste. There are rules in irregularity; grace in distortion.—A good writer will shew his genius in burlesque; a good actor will have taste in extravagance.

So good an actor as Dowton, and one so thoroughly fixed with the town, may take the liberty to make us laugh, and yet keep our good opinion.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Monday, October 5th, Mrs. Siddons came forward for the first time this season in the character of *Queen Catharine*, in *Henry the Eighth*. She was received with the welcome due to her unrivalled talents, and performed her part with her accustomed excellence.

There is no performance on the stage more highly finished than Kemble's *Woolsey*: He acts it according to a just conception of the character, and, at the same time, gives full effect to his hypocrisy (which in representation should always be sober and tranquil,) by the dignity of his elocution and the justness of his taste. In *Woolsey* there is too much pride for passion; too much coldness for declamation. The character, as it is written, and as the reader feels it, is admirable; but the actor has to struggle with many difficulties in order to make it strike upon the stage. The display of those common qualifications which, from their impetuosity and natural strength, are sure to catch applause, must here be repressed. A rant or a sneer are equally fatal to the purity of the character—Too proud and mysterious for ordinary hypocrisy, too conscious of his own dignity, too cautious of his rank, for extravagant feeling or turbulence, *Woolsey*, as a dramatic character, affords room for the display of level qualities only; and the stage effect of these qualities belongs to the province of judgment and of taste. Here then is the superiority of Mr. Kemble's talent: To elevate to a grand effect those parts of character, which common minds exaggerate or distort, or mutilate, or confound; to distinguish the bounding line in parts almost "identified by their closeness of contact," and make that conspicuous in style, which in matter seems general or indifferent;—In a word, to act with a poet's mind, and a critic's taste, is the just fame of this unrivalled performer.

On Friday, October 9th, a gentleman of the name of Jones, from the Irish stage, and of much provincial celebrity, came forward at this theatre, for the first time, in the character of *Goldfinch*, in the *Road to Ruin*. We are somewhat inclined to quarrel with him for the choice of this part; not because he succeeds Lewis in it, but because it shews an evident want of taste, and of the proper pride of genius in an actor, to venture the success of a first appearance upon a character which is so divided between buffoonery and farce, so equally shared by nonsense and vacuity, that you scarcely know what a man is fit for when he excels in it; whether for a puppet-shew or a stage.

Lewis indeed is an exception in these characters. There is something so diverting in his extravagance, so ingenious in his folly, that it may be said of him, as of Nat Lee's poetry, that its madness is its merit. With all our respect for Lewis, however, we still wish him to stand single. Let the breed perish with the parent;—wonderful indeed for its novelty, and for that alone; but like those monsters of human procreation, to which nature gives birth once, and which (by that inflexible decree which sustains the order, the uniformity, and just classes and kinds of animal life), she never suffers to propagate themselves; let it pass into our museums as a curiosity, and let wonder and not imitation bow down before it.

To be plain, however—to see this gentleman, a man of well reported talent, and stage accomplishment, plunging into the wild absurdity and coarse extravagance of this part, gave us serious pain. We can speak of him, therefore, but by guess, just as we describe things seen in a fog.—But when we speak with uncertainty, we are bound to be liberal.

Mr. Jones, then, has a good figure for the stage, an easy and accomplished manner; a musical voice, though somewhat inarticulate and incomplete in its upper notes; a good intrepid manner, something between assurance and modesty, and in the mid-way of comedy and farce.

He was extremely well received; and when we see him in a part which we can judge and comprehend, we shall decide upon the rank he ought to hold.

Fashionable Morning & Evening Dress as worn in October 180[illegible]

Printed and Published by John Bell, Southampton Street, Strand, for No. 23 of La Belle assemblée, Nov. 1. 1807.

Autumnal Fashions for 1807.

Walking Dresses in October. 1807.

Drawn and Engraven for La Belle Assemblée No. 23. Published as the act directs for John Be[ll]
weekly Messenger office, Southampton Street, Strand. Nov. 1. 1807.